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Sports Illustrated

MARCH 2, 1964 30 CENTS

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What a man should know when he switches to cigar smoking

1. The correct way to light a cigar.

Use a match but don't touch it to the cigar. Hold the lighted match $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch away from the cigar and draw the flame to the cigar end. This method lightes the end evenly and prevents match fumes from entering the cigar and affecting the true taste.

2. You don't have to inhale to enjoy a cigar.

The big majority of cigar smokers find that the good taste of cigar tobacco comes to them without inhaling. That's because cigar tobacco is smoking tobacco in its most enjoyable form. Cigar tobacco is aged for years to achieve its unique mildness and better taste.

3. How to add to your cigar smoking pleasure.

Smoking a cigar is a relaxing pleasure, not a nervous habit. You can enjoy a cigar anytime, but right after lunch or dinner is a particularly good time. Light one up. Puff slowly. Enjoy the aroma. Sit back and relax. It's all a part of cigar enjoyment. (Hint: Don't continually flick the ash off. A half inch or so of ash makes for cooler smoking.)

4. What shape of cigar to start with?

We recommend a White Owl Miniature. It's slim and easy to handle. It goes well with any shape of

face. Later on you might choose a larger cigar. If so, White Owl offers you a complete selection.

5. Why smoke a White Owl Miniature?

The White Owl Miniature is long enough to satisfy you completely, yet short enough to smoke when time is precious. The aroma is welcome in any social setting. Yes, a man can always smoke a White Owl Miniature. The tobaccos in the White Owl Miniature are aged to give you an unusual degree of mildness not found in other cigars. And, of course, there's the famous White Owl taste . . . the taste that has made White Owl a favorite of cigar smokers for generations.

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, published weekly by Time Inc., 140 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611, except the issue of year end. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage through U.S. and Canadian subscriptions \$7.00 a year. This issue published in national and overseas editions. Additional pages of up-to-date sports featured in all-around 50¢ or 10¢ extra, Eastern, F.I.E., Western, S.I.-S-4, Western, W.I.-W, Florida, S.I.-S-5, S.I.-S-6, Special, S.I.-S-7.

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Next week

FIRST COLOR PICTURES of the big fight accompany Tex Maule's account of what happened when Clay finally quit talking and climbed into a Miami Beach ring against Liston.

A ONE-TWO PUNCH that turns professional basketball opponents in the Los Angeles Lakers' combination of Jerry West and Elgin Baylor. That punch is vividly photographed.

DERBY TIME approaches—the Santa Anita, the Florida, then the Kentucky. In his report from Santa Anita, Whitney Tower assesses all the good 3-year-olds in Florida as well.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Arthur E. James

Baseball's surprising battle for New York's favor—a battle involving both economics and sentiment—began to reach the shooting stage last October when the Yankees announced that Yogi Berra would succeed Ralph Houk as manager of the most successful corporation in professional sport. One who got the message right away was our baseball writer, Bill Leggett, who had been aware for some time that the rising tide of support for the Mets was



SOCRATES (LEFT), PLATO AND FRIEND

not entirely attributable to faddists enchanted by the novelty and often humorous incompetency of the National League's 10th-place team. The Yankees, he concluded, were fully conscious of the trend, too, and unobtrusively they were beginning a campaign to change their public image from stuffed shirt to friendly neighborhood tavern.

Leggett talked to this man and that one, fans of the Yankees and of the Mets. He spent hours with baseball people as well as with experts in the esoteric fields of television ratings and

public relations. Last week he assembled his notes, topped off his investigations with a personal observation of Berra's managerial debut in Fort Lauderdale and then wrote the story you see on page 12.

The ideal picture to support Leggett's story involved the two battle symbols themselves: old Casey Stengel, ex-Yankee manager and current Met manager, with his favorite pupil, young Yogi Berra, current Yankee manager and ex-Yankee star. When Stengel flew east from California in early February, Berra came across the river from New Jersey to join him, and both found themselves one Sunday afternoon in the studio of Mark Kauffman, a baseball fan who dabbles in photography for a living. Kauffman, long one of the best sports photographers in the world, welcomed them as old friends who, over the years, had often appeared in his viewfinders.

Casey and Yogi changed into their uniforms and posed cheerfully for an hour or so. Kauffman had arranged for a professional model, dressed as an umpire, to hoke it up with Stengel and Berra for a while, but the best shots of the day turned out to be the spontaneous ones—those of Stengel and Berra talking baseball. And talk baseball they did, all the time they were in Kauffman's studio. "Their comments about various players were fascinating," said Kauffman, "but off the record." At any rate, the happy result was the Socrates-and-Plato photograph that graces our cover this week.

The next confrontation of the rival managers takes place in Florida on March 24, when the Yankees and Mets meet in an exhibition game at Fort Lauderdale. After that, who knows? Perhaps, some day, the World Series?

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WAIKIKI

by Peter Griffith

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You could spend all your time on the



beach. What would you miss with a (a) the day? "Exotic" The Hibiscus Room, the Polynesian food at the Tapa Room. The dancing, the beautiful Garden Bar. The Island music at the Shell Bar. The exotic oriental cuisine in the Golden Dragon Restaurant. The superb pleasure of dining in the Makahiki Room. And above all the traditional luau feast by torch light.

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SCORECARD

THE PROS HAVE A FRIEND

In recent years bankers have been struggling against an ancient tide, protesting to the world that they are, whatever one may have been taught to think, friendly people, warmhearted and kind. No bank has made a more convincing gesture in this direction than the New England Merchants National Bank (deposits, \$400 million), which has just announced that it will sponsor a \$10,000 national grass court tennis championship at Longwood Cricket Club July 9-12, thus giving a boost to a sport that sadly needs one.

The presence of five top professionals—Lew Hoad, Ken Rosewall, Rod Laver, Barry MacKay and Earl Buchholz—has been guaranteed and Jack Kramer, representing the International Professional Tennis Players Association, has promised more. Players like Ashley Cooper, Pancho Segura, Alex Olmedo and Luis Ayala are a possibility, though "appearance money" is not assured anyone.

Neither has it been determined how the purse money will be broken down, but first place probably will reap \$3,500. Kramer, hoping that Longwood will become the annual climax to an annual tour, is trying to line up preliminary stops at other sites.

"The bank is not in it for profit," President Richard P. Chapman says, "but we're in it for keeps. We wouldn't have agreed if it was to be a one-shot affair. We want an annual tournament, and we want to retain the title—National Grass Courts Championship." He feels that stately Longwood will give "a certain tone" to the professional game, which has lately found its most accustomed home in high school gyms.

As for the prospect of open play between pros and amateurs, the sponsors and Kramer are for it, but first they want to see what happens elsewhere with this well-liked football.

SPRINTER'S CHOICE

Track fans who have seen Sprinter Bob Hayes flash over the boards this winter have expressed amazement at his speed, to be sure, but also at his style. Instead

of the classic, flowing grace of a Jesse Owens or a Bobby Moorow, Hayes offers the sight of someone who seems to think the wood under him is hot charcoal.

"He wobbles all over the track," a University of Kansas official observed. "He labors hard, with his arms pumping like pistons. And he wins."

The man who developed Hayes at Florida A&M, Pete Griffin, says Bob's jittery style comes from his unusual physique. The sprinter stands 5 feet 11, weighs 189 and has thighs thicker than hams. "He runs wide-legged," Griffin explains, "because of his short, thick muscles and long legs." Thus his feet land some 12 inches apart—a stride four inches wider than the average sprinter's—and, furthermore, he is pigeon-toed.

There are those who believe that if Hayes's style could be modified to the classical ideal, he would become the world's first nine-second performer in the 100-yard dash (he has already done 9.1). Could be, but Griffin, succeeded last year as A&M track coach by Dick Hill so that he could give more time to football, has this reaction:

"Who am I, or Dick Hill, to tell the fastest man in the world to overhaul himself? I was at Ohio State when Jesse Owens ran a 9.4 in high school. He never improved on that, even though he was under the best coaches in college. We could probably smooth Bob out—but at the same time we might slow him down."

DARING YOUNG MAN

In the 100 years of the flying trapeze only 12 performers, all professionals, have been able to do the difficult triple somersault. They are now joined by an amateur, Adrian Catarzi, a senior at Florida State University.

A Spanish major and a member of the school's famous circus troupe, Catarzi is also the scion of a long line of circus folk. He and his "catcher," Larry Camp, a biology major, had previously worked up through one and two somersaults to the very creditable 2½. Then, though circus tradition had held that the "triple" was impossible until Ernie Clarke

of the Ringling Brothers shows finally mastered it in 1912, Catarzi and Camp, the latter vitally important because of the split-second timing required, suddenly achieved it one day. They have now perfected it and in May will be flown to Europe, with 33 other students, to perform triple somersaults for a month all over Spain, France, Italy and Greece.

GOLD UPON THE WATERS

Along with nearly 400,000 yachting enthusiasts who crowded into New York's Coliseum this winter to see the annual National Motor Boat Show, we preserve a delightful vision of a shimmering, golden sloop. For there stood a 28-foot Triton brushed from stem to stern, masthead to deck, in gold sheen, its fittings no less than 14-karat gold. The idea was to celebrate the Pearson Corporation's brilliant success with the Triton—500 sold in five years. But even so, underneath hard-nosed company policy there beat a heart of gold. After the show the Pearson people grandly de-



cided to donate their gleaming beauty to the U.S. International Sailing Association. The USISA, a backer of the U.S. Olympic yachting endeavor, accepted the offer and has now put the boat up for bids. Whoever wants to be the first at his pier to skipper a gold-plated sloop can reach for his checkbook. The U.S. Olympic team gets the cash.

CURRY'S BEAU GESTE

In its brief and remarkably successful existence the Peace Corps has won acclaim and gratitude around the world, but perhaps none so heartwarming as

continued

has fallen to Corpsman Don Curry in Neiva, Colombia, where, among other things, he has been coaching a basketball team.

Competing in the semifinals of the Colombian championships, Curry's captain lost his temper and bopped an opponent on the head. He was thrown out of the game, but the team went on to win without him. Tournament rules state that an ousted player is out for the entire tournament, but the officials, taking into account that the captain was a key player and the next day's game was for the national championship, decided to be lenient. The captain could play, they informed Curry.

Curry, once a player at Southern Illinois and briefly a Las Vegas casino dealer, is considered a bit odd by his fellows because he loves good music, literature and painting. He established his oddness for all time by declaring that the captain would not play. The captain was permitted to dress for the game but sat it out on the bench as his teammates went on without him to win the national title 57-54.

Never before had Colombians known a coach to put integrity and sportsmanship before a championship and, for his gesture—and the fact that he won against the odds—the wildly cheering crowd hoisted Curry on its shoulders and paraded him about the stadium, singing his praises. By all odds, Corpsman Curry is now the most popular man in Neiva, Colombia.

PUT THE BLAME ON MOM

Appointment of Sean Musial to buck up the physical fitness of American kids stirred Ralph Colson to renege one of his favorite complaints the other day. Musial doesn't have a chance, says Colson, who is supervisor of physical education, safety and health in Massachusetts' Department of Education. Not in a country where mothers drive their children 300 yards to school or call them in from play to watch TV, so that they may be more easily supervised.

A track buff, Colson took a team to Russia in 1958. Coming from a state that has only five high schools with swimming pools, he saw 2,000 Russian children in an outdoor pool that is heated so that it may be used all year.

"Take stadiums," Colson went on. "The Russians were amazed that we had a multimillion-dollar stadium we use

only once a year. [Philadelphia's John F. Kennedy Stadium, which is pretty much limited to the Army-Navy football game.] We build stadiums around the country and then we build fences around them so the kids can't get in to run and jump and play. There are over 80 stadiums for kids right in Moscow, and they're open from early morning until late at night."

And Colson is bemused that delinquents sent to reform school have better athletic facilities "than the good kids," and that children who go out for sport get regular physical examinations, while those who do not compete get fewer if any. "Who needs the physical exam the most?" he asked.

"Musial's a fine fellow," Colson concluded, "but we're never going to catch up with the Russians in physical fitness until we get the mothers interested."

POLICEMEN'S LOT

Among the most notably excitable of sports spectators are basketball crowds, and this is especially true of those who follow Espanola (N. Mex.) High. On the night of the game between Espanola and a traditional rival, St. Michael's High School of Santa Fe, Principal Robert MacNeely decided to assist order (and, incidentally, to forestall gate crashers) by restricting entrance to a single door. The door, furthermore, was guarded by two policemen, Rudy Maestas and Al Valdez.

Congestion around the gate was so great that children were kicked, women fainted and men wept. Not only that but the policemen sadly reported at the end of the evening that two watches had disappeared—one worn by Officer Maestas, the other by Officer Valdez.

THE OLD COLLEGE TRY

The only college we know of that makes skiing and horseback riding obligatory requirements for an engineering degree is Cooper Union, the New York City engineering and arts school where Abraham Lincoln delivered one of his more famous addresses. Cooper Union is situated one block from Broadway on New York's slum-crowded lower East Side. Nothing about its Victorian facade suggests an interest in the outdoors, but its interest is, in fact, profound. This winter Cooper's 123 freshmen and two freshmen have been riding the subway from the college to the farthest, wildest reaches of The Bronx, there to schuss on the city's machine-snowed slopes. They must also show proficiency in horseback riding, ice

skating, social dancing and something called "orientation."

In a city of people stacked on people, where most young folks have their closest approach to sports facilities and instruction in a high school gym class, Cooper Union nobly believes that a college has an obligation to offer the experience of sports participation and instruction. So, in their brave quest for such facilities, the Cooperites travel from a Brooklyn riding academy to a grubby West Side YMCA to the 102nd Regiment Armory to the dingy Church of All Nations, which provides a basketball court. The school does not have adequate facilities of its own, and thus is typical of New York, a city in which the shortage of athletic accommodations is both critical and generally unnoticed.

Why does Cooper bother? Because, says J. Clinton Hollinger, professor of health and physical education, "superior mental performance is related to superior physical performance."

THE ISOMETRIC OUCH

The fact that isometric exercises will increase the strength of any given muscle has been long established but their value in some sports is beginning to be questioned. Thus, Frank Broyles, head football coach at Arkansas, and his trainer, Bill Ferrell, have begun to suspect that isometrics might have been responsible for a rash of knee injuries on the team during the past two seasons.

"We're not sure," says Ferrell, "but our theory now is that isometrics constricts the tendons—makes the athlete muscle-bound. It's sort of like weight lifting. Weights can build beautiful bodies but weight lifters get muscle-bound, and about all they're good for (in athletics) is to lift weights."

Ferrell says he is returning to the old practice of running the boys up and down the stadium steps, discarded about the time isometrics came in.

THEY SAID IT

• Elmer Flick, baseball Hall of Famer, on Casey Stengel's suggestion to bring back the spitball: "Stengel says they're throwing the spitter anyway, so we might as well legalize it. That's like saying, 'People are robbing banks, so we ought to legalize bank robbery.' He's all wet about the spitter."

• Rocky Bradges, former major leaguer, on what he thought of Little League baseball: "I think it's all right; it keeps the parents off the streets." **END**



Will he be a winner like Warren Spahn?

At an age when most pitchers have long since retired to the sidelines, 42-year-old Warren Spahn had one of his greatest seasons. In 1963, he won 23 games and lost 7. All told, personable Warren has won more games—and struck out more men—than any other southpaw in the history of baseball.

Not every youngster can be a Warren Spahn. In fact, very few even participate in organized sporting events, much less become stars. But every young person—if only a spectator—can be as physically fit as the star athlete.

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To support the national fitness program, Equitable has prepared a special film: "Youth Physical Fitness—A Report to the Nation." If you would like to borrow a print of this film for showing to community groups, contact your nearest Equitable office or write to Equitable's home office.

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TROUBLE SPROUTS FOR THE YANKEES

The last-place Mets, already drawing nearly as many spectators as the first-place Yanks, have a spanking-new stadium just a stone's throw from the nation's biggest 1964 attraction. Now the battle to capture New York's baseball fans enters a critical phase **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

Mr. Herman Ringler of Long Island is a New York baseball fan. For years he has owned a box seat at Yankee Stadium, but this year he has decided to buy a box seat at the Mets' new Shea Stadium instead. The Mets are delighted to have Herman Ringler. The Yankees hate to lose him and would love to get him back. The Yankees would also love to have the Mets drop dead. A state of unconditional war exists between the two New York baseball clubs, and the prize is Herman Ringler and his friends.

It is almost laughable that a war, a skirmish or even a good shouting match could develop between an organization as rich, established and obviously successful as the New York Yankees and one as weak, young and apparently inept as the New York Mets. But war there is and, what is more, the rich, powerful Yankees are losing it.

The war began when the Mets were formed in 1962, giving the Yankees box office competition from the National League for the first time since the Dodgers and Giants deserted to California four seasons before. In 1961, the last

year the Yankees had New York to themselves, they drew 1,747,725 fans. With the arrival of the Mets, Yankee attendance slumped to 1,493,574. That same year the Mets, playing in the dank old Polo Grounds, set a major league record for failure on the field, yet they attracted 922,530 people. Last year the Mets were again last in the National League but, curiously, attendance rose to 1,060,104. The Yankees again won the American League pennant, but their attendance dropped again, down to 1,308,920, a loss of nearly half a million fans in two seasons. The Yankees are quick to point out that in 1961 Roger Maris and Mickey Mantle hit 61 and 54 home runs apiece, accounting for the high attendance, whereas last year both players were often injured—the reason for the low attendance. But the fact remains that in New York the 10th-place Mets attracted nearly as many people as the first-place Yankees, and this has the Yankees worried sick.

Bill Veeck, the onetime master showman of baseball, has studied the attendance war between the two New York clubs and has reached this conclusion:

"It is a strange phenomenon," says Veeck, "a protest against the continued cold, machinelike excellence of the Yankees. It is difficult for fans to find human frailties on the Yankees to identify with."

The Yankees, taking a cold, hard look at themselves, obviously agree. As the first step in a counterattack on the growing popularity of the Mets, the Yankees have hired as manager the one man in their midst with enough human frailties for a whole ball club: Yogi Berra. The Yankees desperately need Berra's comic image to counteract Casey Stengel of the Mets (*see cover*), whom the Yankees fired three and a half years ago in a master stroke of bad public relations. Stengel, with his marvelous stage presence and his gift for creating newspaper copy, does more for the Mets' attendance than a pair of 20-game winners. Ralph Houk, as manager of the Yankees, was no match for Stengel in this respect. Houk was a major in the Rangers during World War II, and it's hard to find any human frailty in that. And so the Yankees made him general manager and turned for salvation to Berra—short, dumpy, funny-looking Yogi *continued*

A few steps from World's Fair, as model shows, Mets' stadium should attract customers from nearly half a million expected to visit exhibits daily.

Berra, the epitome of the common man.

Few people doubt that Berra will give the Yankees a warmer image, but many wonder if he will be able to manage. "Just wait until he takes a pal of his out for a pinch hitter," says Cleveland's Birdie Tebbets. "Or until he tries to get out of a jam with a joke. Then we'll see what happens." Of course, there is nothing Tebbets and the other managers in the American League would rather see than Yogi Berra falling flat on his face. But in Florida last week, as he took charge of the Yankees' rookie school, Berra showed two qualities he will need to be a successful manager and public relations man: command and humor.

On his first day as manager, Berra assembled his squad of rookies on the center-field grass and was launching into his inaugural address when a flight of photographers swooped down on him. Berra waved them away and kept his speech private. It was a smart move, simple and direct, and it showed the rookies and the world that Yogi Berra was in charge.

Later that day a photographer asked Berra to "take off your cap and hold your index finger to your cheek. It's September, and the Yankees are three games out of first place and you're worried." Berra smiled and said, "You must be crazy."

The Yankees do not expect Berra alone to swing the bulk of New York's baseball fans back to Yankee Stadium. This season the Yankees are going to try something they have never done before: make the fan feel welcome. "We are no longer sitting back and waiting for customers," says Dan Topping Jr., 27-year-old son of the Yankees' co-owner. "We're going out to get them. We want family groups, business groups, things like that. And when we get them into the ball park we're going to take care of them. We want to make going to Yankee Stadium seem like a wonderful thing to do."

Toward that end the Yankees are spending \$1 million to improve concession stands and rest rooms. Polite service is promised, a radical departure from the past. Girl ushers dressed in baseball uniforms will add zest. The Yankees have planned 6 o'clock starts for six Thursday night games, so that businessmen from downtown can attend and still get home at a decent hour.



In managerial pose and wearing wristwatch, which a catcher could not do, Berra has spring training conference with his first appointee, Pitching Coach—and still a starter—Whitley Ford.

This winter, to drum up interest in the team, the Yankee brass made a series of one-day stands throughout New York state and New England. Berra was along, and so were Houk, Whitey Ford, Elston Howard and Clete Boyer. Everywhere the Yankees went their concern over the Mets stood out like a black eye. At one banquet in Connecticut, Teammaster Howard Cosell, who was formerly associated with the Mets, said: "I have been authorized to say it's great to be back in the big leagues." Introducing Jimmy Piersall, a former Met, Cosell said: "I want you to meet the real No. 37 (Stengel's number), Jimmy." Cosell added, "knows how the other half lives."

Such dull darts have only made more friends for the Mets. "It's curious," said Actor Horace McMahon recently. "When you talk about the Mets the laughter that comes back from an audience is something like the warm kind of laughter that comes after you tell stories about little children. It's a nice sound."

However frantically the Yankees work at creating that same warm image, it is doubtful if they can stem the flow of New York fans to the Mets. At least not this year. For this year the Mets will be playing not in the Polo Grounds but in Shea Stadium, their brand-new \$21 million jewel in Flushing, Queens. New stadiums mean increased attendance, as proved in recent years by the Dodgers, Angels, Giants and Senators. People are as curious to see a new stadium as they are a friend's new house.

By moving to Queens, the Mets have landed smack in the eye of a population hurricane. Queens itself is the fastest-growing of New York's five boroughs, yet it is just a subway ride away from Manhattan. Nassau County (pop. 1,394,000) is only a short drive in the other direction.

Already signs of warmth for the Mets have sprung up around Queens. One Charlie Rivolta, manager of a small hotel five minutes from Shea Stadium, stands ready to tape every Met radio broadcast and then eliminate the losses. "The Mets will never lose in my place," Charlie says. "If a guy feels low after they lose he can come in my place and say, 'Hey, Charlie, lemme hear 'em win one,' and I'll put them on winning."

Shea Stadium has 55,000 seats, and each one of them has an unobstructed view of the field, in sharp contrast to

Yankee Stadium, with its broad girders and peculiar angles that in some places eliminate from sight wide areas of the playing field. The five levels of the new stadium are colored green, blue, orange, yellow and white. Tickets and escalators—yes, escalators—will be colored to correspond with the proper levels, so that no fan should lose his way.

Like most new stadiums, Shea has a special club for season box holders, equipped with a pair of fancy bars and a restaurant. There is also an extra-special hangout called the Combo Room with its own bar and escalator. But of more interest to the average Met fan will be the series of attractive concession stands serving decent food instead of the tired fare that New York sports crowds have been held captive by for so long.

Big, expensive scoreboards are nothing new these days, but Shea Stadium's is something else again. On top of it is an 18-by-24-foot screen that could show movies when rain delays a game. It could also replay on video tape the home run that was hit just seconds before, plus a closeup view of the man who hit it.

If the new stadium does not lure people out to watch the Mets play, the little place on the other side of the tracks will. The tracks in this case belong to the Long Island Railroad, and right on the other side is the New York World's Fair. Both the fair and the baseball season are scheduled to open in April, a happy coincidence. Say what you will about the fair—it has been called "the most horrendous hodgepodge of jukebox architecture ever assembled"—it will draw people, about 70 million of them in two years. On some days there will be as many as 500,000 at the fair, all of them looking for a place to sit down. And there, just across the railroad tracks, will be Shea Stadium, with its 55,000 seats and a major league ball game starting in just an hour. (Statistics will probably not be kept on how many people wander into the stadium thinking it is a part of the General Motors exhibit.)

Of course, the World's Fair could turn out to be a Frankenstein for the Mets. People mean traffic and, although \$125 million has been spent to improve roads close to the fair, Traffic Commissioner Henry Barnes has already made this cheery prediction: "I suspect the first man to start home from the fair in 1964 may well pass the last man on his way

to the fair in 1965." The fear of getting caught up in a world champion traffic jam may discourage some potential Met fans from attending attractive games. Memorial Day 1964 will be a good test case. It should be a 500,000-tourist day at the fair, and Aqueduct racetrack just down the street will draw another 70,000. There will be the usual Memorial Day rush to the beaches, plus normal amusement-park, golf-course and airport traffic. That afternoon, in the midst of what may well be the greatest automotive logjam in history, the Mets will play the San Francisco Giants.

While the Mets are quite willing to risk a few traffic jams against the prospect of all those World's Fair crowds, they do not want to become dependent on those same crowds, for in two years the crowds will be gone. It is fans like Herman Ringler that the Mets want to keep, and to do this they, like the Yankees, are working hard. The Mets, too, have had their big names—Stallard, Kranepool and Bearnarth—out in the bush country, singing the glory of the team. And the Mets are also thinking up promotions, the most bizarre of which is "Beat-in Day," on which Met fans with boats can sail up to the marina 150 yards from home plate, tie up, watch the game and sail home. In an attendance war such as the Mets and Yankees are waging, anything is possible.

Bill Vecek ponders the effect on the American League should the Mets pass the Yankees in attendance this season. "The Yankees have provided a certain stronghold of defense for the league these many years," Vecek says. "Anything that tarnishes that image is going to hurt the league. If the Yankees win the pennant and get outdrawn at home, it's bound to hurt them on the road. It's a chain-reaction sort of thing."

If the American League is worried now about the situation in New York, it had better brace itself for the worst. The Yankees, with Mantle, Maris, Ford and Howard, will undoubtedly win another pennant, while the Mets, with Carmel, Selma, Kanehl and Haas, will probably finish last again. But in the war for New York's baseball fans the Mets and Casey Stengel are going to beat the Yankees and Yogi Berra.

FOR A LIGHthearted view of SPRING TRAINING BY RONALD SEARLE, TURN PAGE

Spring training is, essentially, a lazy time. No one overworks. Players report at 10 every morning, jog once around the field, take batting practice and then stand in clusters under the warm sun, shagging fly balls and trading winter stories. Soon enough, practice is over, with plenty of time left for a round of golf or a swim back at the motel pool with the wife and kids. The living is so easy, in fact, that when the Los Angeles Angels insisted their players ride bicycles to the ball park for exercise, it was big news. Even when the exhibition season starts, the pace is leisurely. Regulars play only a few innings, then sit along the edges of the field, caps removed, improving their suntans. Only the fans in the bleachers (right) take the games seriously. To them, this is the real baseball season and

OUT IN THE SUN AGAIN

what happens up North later on is incidental. On the following pages Artist Ronald Searle takes a distinctive look at spring training in Arizona and California.





A foul ball in March looks as good as one in July

Part of spring training is sunning by the pool





Angels on wheels ride out to practice







Even big winners pitch batting practice

No fence can stop the autograph hound

MEET THE NEW WILT CHAMBERLAIN

Pro basketball's greatest scorer changed his style and became a complete player this season. The result is that his team is winning in the West **by TOM C. BRODY**

A strange thing happened at a National Basketball Association game in St. Louis early this season. The ball was thrown to the San Francisco Warriors' 7-foot-1 $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch 290-pound center, Wilt Chamberlain, who was positioned near the St. Louis Hawks' basket, and Chamberlain threw the ball right back out to one of his teammates. This maneuver so unsettled Ed Macauley, a former NBA center and a spectator at the game, that he nearly choked. "Chamberlain threw the ball out," he said, loosening his tie. "He actually threw the ball out!" If Macauley was surprised, so were the Hawks, who stood around in a state of deep shock while one of Chamberlain's teammates, cutting toward the basket, made the layup unmolested.

To understand the loss of composure by Macauley and the Hawks, you must remember that in previous seasons when the ball got to Chamberlain the rest of the Warriors would react as if they were watching a spectacular Pacific sunset. They would be open-mouthed and motionless, because Wilt Chamberlain leads the world in taking shots. But so often did the ball fly back out to a moving teammate that night that Chamberlain scored only 22 points, exactly 22.8 points less than he scored per game last year, and 28.4 less than the year before, when the big center averaged a phenomenal 50.4 points.

All this does not mean that Chamberlain is slipping. A year ago the San Francisco fan, paying his money to see Wilt play, got his 50 points' worth all right, but he still felt like someone who bought a Rolls-Royce only to discover that the horn didn't work. San Francisco fans had every right to expect perfection from such a specimen, but they not only did not get perfection, they did not get to see the Warriors win very often, and no citizen of San Francisco is going to stand for that very long. Eventually they began to leave the Warriors alone in alarming numbers, except when the champion Celtics would come to town, and then they came to root for Boston.



With one huge hand Wilt grabs a defensive rebound in Royal game. Previously this was a common sight only at other end of the court

But that was last year. This season there is a new Wilt. The Warriors won their early game with the Hawks, mostly because Chamberlain was doing workaday things. He passed to his no-longer stationary teammates when they were clear, he raced back downcourt in order to block shots when St. Louis got the ball, and he gathered up rebounds on both backboards. Furthermore, Chamberlain has been playing this way for four months now. He is, to be precise, scoring less and having the time of his life.

So are the Warriors, a team that lists on its roster some of the slowest players and worst shooters ever to play in the NBA. With just 14 games remaining in the regular season, San Francisco—in next-to-last place this time last year and until recently the obvious choice to finish there again—is in first place, ahead of the St. Louis Hawks and the defending Western Division champions, the Los Angeles Lakers. There is a related phenomenon: the curious fans of early last year are back, along with quite a few brand-new ones. When they press the horn now they get a stumpy, melodious root for their money.

There are, to be sure, critics who insist that the Warriors are first only because the Lakers are unlucky. They are

right. The Lakers are unlucky. Their two best players, Elgin Baylor and Jerry West, have been hurt. When West was lost for two weeks with a broken thumb, they lost eight of their next nine games. But the critics are not right when they say the Warriors' lofty state is a fluke. "No fluke," growls Cincinnati Royal Coach Jack McMahon. "The Warriors are tough. Every game with them is all-out, dog-eat-dog, kick-'em-where-it-hurts warfare. Let up a little and they'll beat you to death." Why? How could such a bad team suddenly become so good? There are two reasons. The first, of course, is Chamberlain, a player Ed Macauley once called the worst in the world because he wasn't doing what he could do. Now he is one of the best because he is doing just that. The other reason is Alex Hannum.

Alex Hannum is a 6-foot-7, blue-eyed fellow who pops into hotel lobbies with mincing steps, grinning as if he were about to spring some outrageous prank like wearing a Beetle wig on his balding head. Hannum's hair first began to disappear in 1957, the year he took over as player-coach of a tired old St. Louis Hawks team and drove it to within two points of an NBA championship, losing to Boston in the seventh game in double overtime. The next year the Hawks went out and did it right, upsetting the Celtics, bringing great joy to St. Louis and a strange sort of tribute from Hawk President Ben Kerner. "Hannum," said Kerner, "is not my kind of guy."

So Alex Hannum went to the Syracuse Nationals, and one year nearly beat Boston in the playoffs. Winning was sweet, but Hannum was homesick for California. When the Nats deserted Syracuse for Philadelphia, Hannum deserted the Nats for Los Angeles and a job as a building contractor. A month before training camp opened, the Warriors' managing director, Eddie Gottlieb, put in a call to Hannum and offered him the San Francisco job.

"Does Chamberlain demand to play the full 48 minutes of every game?" Hannum asked.

"Absolutely not," Gottlieb said.

"Is Chamberlain going after points to insure his high salary?" Hannum then asked.

"Absolutely not," said Gottlieb.

"O.K.," said Hannum. "You got yourself a coach."

San Francisco had a coach, but what Hannum got was no bargain. The team had the morale of a bunch of recruits immediately after their first G.I. haircut. Says Hannum, "I realized how completely inadequate the team had become. They had learned to depend on Wilt so completely they were even incapable of beating a squad of rookies. I had to convince them that they, too, had responsibilities."

Hannum demanded that the Warriors play all-out the entire time they were in a practice game, running constantly and finally cutting toward the basket or to an uncluttered spot for a jump shot. When a player began to bleed from the eyes, Hannum would send in a substitute. But the trouble was, these players had no stomach for continuous motion because they knew that if Chamberlain got the ball they would never see it again.

Hannum's next task, then, was to convince Wilt Chamberlain—the greatest scorer in history, the man who once

scored 100 points in a single game, the man who holds eight of the 10 major scoring records—to let someone else shoot once in a while and to play defense with as much enthusiasm as he did offense. "For us to win," said Hannum, "Wilt has to play like Bill Russell at one end of the court and like Wilt Chamberlain at the other end of the court."

There were experts who were sure Hannum did not have a chance. "Chamberlain," said one eastern sportswriter, "is a loser. Has been all his life. Neither his college nor his pro team has ever won a title, because he won't take coaching. All he wants to do is score points." Alex Hannum, however, insists he had no trouble at all getting Chamberlain to play it his way. Whether he did or not, he obviously persuaded Wilt. And to a man, the Warriors were willing to give Hannum's battle plan a try. "What could we lose?" says Forward Tom Meschery. "Our shirts? We'd already lost those."

Chamberlain, of course, had quite a bit more than his shirt to lose, having parlayed his scoring talents into a \$70,000-a-year job that enables him to drive a Bentley and to maintain apartments in San Francisco, Los Angeles and New York. He says now, "I don't care about points or my salary. All I care about is winning the NBA championship."

For those who insist that all this is just so much talk, there was a game in Philadelphia last month in which the Warriors came on the floor at half time trailing the 76ers by 15 points. In the next three minutes Chamberlain blocked four shots, picked up seven defensive and three offensive rebounds and was the playmaker, controlling the ball in one gigantic hand until a teammate was clear for a shot. Finally Hannum had to call a time-out so that his big center could stop laughing. The Warriors had outscored the 76ers 20-3, and Wilt's contribution was four points. Said Hannum, "He didn't exactly look like a man who was disappointed."

With Chamberlain now doing what everyone expected of him all along, San Francisco fans are coming back. They like him and his perpetual-motion supporting cast, and they like winning. About the only people not happy are the Warriors' opponents. The St. Louis Hawks' 6-foot-9, 240-pound Zelmo Beaty, for example, found out recently that he can no longer take Chamberlain's great strength for granted. Unable to slow Wilt down with conventional maltreatment, Beaty tried to yank his shorts off. Chamberlain, who can press 400 pounds without breathing hard, makes it a point to control his temper, primarily because he is genuinely afraid he might kill somebody. Beaty's unethical yank, however, was too much. Wilt flicked an arm, and Beaty flew across the floor like a man shot out of a cannon. Referee Mendy Rudolph rushed over to him and said: "For God's sake, stay down, man. Don't even twitch a muscle." Beaty didn't twitch, and he is still active in the NBA.

Baltimore's Terry Dischinger has a recurring nightmare. It was born the recent night the Warriors beat the Bullets 120-118. Dischinger got away from his man and went in for the last—tying—shot of the game. "I don't know whether the shot would have gone in," he said, "and I never found out. Wilt jumped up and grabbed it with both hands, and that was the game." To San Francisco's way of thinking, that is the game.

END



Kept under wraps until just before the biggest U.S. stock-car race, a trio of souped-up Plymouths swept the Daytona 500 in stunning array, and emerged as brilliant challengers for the supremacy held by Ford **by HUSTON HORN**

SWOOP OF A SECRET WEAPON

Of the hundreds of stock-car races held in the U.S. each year, none commands more respect from the public than the fast, demanding Daytona 500-miler. The vast Daytona International Speedway is the site of the year's first high-speed, closed-circuit race and two of the Big Three car manufacturers (General Motors pretends not to care about racing, but does) spend huge sums getting ready to compete there. How they make out at Daytona, they realize, can affect their showrooms traffic for months to come. Says one Michigan automan: "Whatever happens in Daytona is the talk of all Detroit 20 minutes later."

At 20 minutes past 4:15 o'clock last Sunday, then, all Detroit was talking about one of the biggest industry upsets in years. Chrysler Corporation's Plymouths, long considered the patsies of long-distance stock-car racing (although they have done well on short tracks), had suddenly demolished the supremacy of the Ford Motor Company. Plymouths had finished 1, 2, 3 in the three-and-a-quarter-hour race, with the nearest Ford in fourth place, the nearest Mercury in sixth. And in winning, curly-haired, 26-year-old Richard Petty had rather awe-

somely lapped the field. Despite 20 minutes of slow travel under caution lights flashed on for three accidents, Petty averaged 154.334 mph to better Fireball Roberts' 500 record by almost two miles per hour.

Chrysler's little scheme to dominate stock-car racing began almost three years ago when the 1964 Plymouth-Dodge body (except for superficial styling differences, the same body is used for both cars) first went on the drafting table. But the most important part of the plan was put into action 18 months ago when Chrysler dusted off and redesigned an engine type it had abandoned in the late 1950s.

Where most modern engines in American-made cars have wedge-shaped combustion chambers over each cylinder, Chrysler's reborn racing engine had domed heads the shape of inverted cereal bowls. The snap, crackle and pop such a design gives to an engine is formidable, and when that engine was placed into the new streamlined Plymouth-Dodge body, a smile spread over the face of Ronnie Householder. Ronnie's title is staff engineer in charge of special events, which means he is in charge of racing at Chrysler, another way of saying

in charge of attempting to defeat Ford.

"We have nothing to do with the body design," said Householder, "but I cannot deny that we are rather pleased at how well our separate efforts have complemented one another." Householder claimed the new engine developed only about 400 horsepower, but few at Daytona accepted that. "We're 400 ourselves," said a Ford man, "and they've got us by 100 horsepower if they've got us by 10."

Whatever its true potential, the secret of Chrysler's new engine was so well kept that company publicity men did not even know about it until three days before the cars were delivered to Daytona. It was there, of course, that Ford first saw them. Ford had won the first three positions at the Riverside (Calif.) 500 in January against other 1964 Plymouths and Dodges and had no reason to worry about Daytona. "When they saw what we'd brought along this time," said a Chrysler Corporation vice-president, understating the case, "I think they felt a certain dismay."

Ford's dismay deepened as Plymouths turned on the speed. In practice one Plymouth went up to 175.370 mph, another made the two-and-a- *continued*

Victorious Plymouth (left) driven by Richard Petty takes the high road in a warmup race, displaying winning 500 form by lapping three Fords
PETER OUSTER

half-mile circuit of the track at 174.910. The best efforts by the company-sponsored Fords and Mercurys (which, like Plymouth and Dodge, use the same basic engine and body) were all under 170. Probably the most infuriating thing that happened before Sunday's race came on Friday, in a 100-mile qualifying race, Richard Petty finished third in his Plymouth even though he was out of gas in the last two miles of the final lap. He was just beaten by a Dodge and a Plymouth which passed him inches in front of the finish line. Ford was a late fourth.

Adding to Ford's frustrations was the fact that, because of some aerodynamic ingredient in the Plymouth's and Dodge's body shapes, they could not be effectively slipstreamed—or drafted, as they say in Daytona. Slipstreaming—tailgating the car ahead as closely as a driver's nerves permit—enables the trailing car to match the leading car's speed at substantially lower engine revolutions. This means that a less powerful car can often

keep up with its better, and that an equal car can travel at an engine-nursing pace.

Furthermore, a move by Ford to throw a really hot overhead camshaft engine into later races seemed blocked when Bill France, president of both the Daytona Speedway and NASCAR, the stock-car sanctioning body, said such an engine would not be allowed to race on NASCAR tracks. Jacques Passano, Householder's counterpart at Ford Division, growled, "We'll see about that," and said the overhead camshaft engine would indeed appear.

Since it was just about too late for anything else, the Ford men indulged in some high-octane griping. John Holman, who heads up the Ford stock-car racing effort, went immediately to the local Plymouth dealer and demanded delivery of four of the new engines. Stock-car racing rules, as established by NASCAR, require all equipment to be generally available to the public, and Holman was sure the new Chrysler engine was not. But it was. The dealer sold him one. Someone else close to the Ford team then wondered aloud if the low profile of the Plymouths and Dodges was within allowable limits. That too checked out. (Charges, countercharges and professional intolerance are as much a part of stock-car racing as gasoline and checkered flags. The situation was so competitive, indeed, that even in their hours of glory, the Dodge and Plymouth people did not speak to one another beyond the bare necessities of civility.)

Some badly needed cheering was given the Ford men Saturday evening by Henry Ford II himself, who assembled his Daytona forces and told them, in effect, to stop worrying and start planning for the races ahead. He was, he said, behind them for the long haul and would see that they got the hardware with which to win.

Passano, a veteran of lean racing years as well as good ones, even managed to squeeze out a quip. "After all," he said, "stock-car racing is just a carnival. To get people out you have to throw some Christians to the lions. This year it seems to be our turn to get thrown."

Still, the best joke in town was the one about the Le Mans start. If they had that at Daytona instead of the usual rolling start, it went, everyone would run and get into the nearest Plymouth. But if there was a kind of despair in the

conversations of those not connected with the Chrysler cars, all hands worked diligently to produce respectable speeds. The cars racing Sunday stayed behind a high fence, and there was a strict security check of all those allowed inside. Each day the cars would roar out of the compound like circus lions and tigers out for air and exercise, and after they had run their practice laps they were returned to quarters. Then, no matter what, it seemed, mechanics began to take these apart, removing whole engines and casting them aside like a dentist pulling teeth, dropping out transmissions, prying into differentials, realigning front ends, rebalancing wheels.

Always the mechanics were pressed for time because of a rule that forbade any work after 5 p.m. So, within permissible hours, they remade Paul Goldsmith's Plymouth after a slipping clutch allowed the engine to over-rev and hurt as Paul led a preliminary race. When they had the time, drivers and mechanics from the Ford and Mercury teams stood around, hands in pockets, looking glumly down at the Plymouths and Dodges.

The word that Chrysler had the hot car this year was not long getting around the South, where stock-car racing thrives as a form of self-identifying entertainment. If you own a Plymouth, you get out to the tracks and root, by George, for racing Plymouths. Racing writers were genuinely impressed by the Plymouths and Dodges, and Chrysler itself took big newspaper advertisements after the cars had qualified in the 170s. Consequently, by Saturday night nearly every one of the city's 40,000 beds for transients was taken (there were still a few available for \$45) and for late arrivals the Venus Lounge on the road to the Speedway stayed open for dining and dancing until 5 a.m. Leaving at closing time would put one in good position to get a head start on what developed into a heroic traffic jam Sunday morning—better, indeed, than last year's, when some fans were three days finding their abandoned cars after the race was over. Altogether, Daytona's population of 75,000 had increased almost 100% by race time, and its pocketbook had been stuffed with some 3 million out-of-town dollars.

When the race began, Ford could only hope that recent history would repeat itself. Last year Chevrolets had beaten Fords in practice and qualifying races,



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but had failed mechanically in the 500. But Richard Petty, as he pulled on his board-stiff fireproof coveralls before he got into his blue Plymouth, had no worries on that score. "I don't think I've ever gone into a race feeling more confident about the outcome," he said.

Which is maybe carrying prescience a little too far. Not only did Petty's Plymouth carry him to victory, he led the pack for the last 375 miles and wound up a full lap ahead of the next car (Jimmy Pardue's Plymouth) and two full laps ahead of the third car (this time Paul Goldsmith's Plymouth). Petty had broken in a new engine on the parade laps. Back there in the distance came the Fords, the Mercurys and, little as the Chrysler people wanted to talk about it, the Dodges that had looked so promising earlier in the week. But Chrysler had enough to cheer about without being greedy. With the exception of one Dodge, which went out of the race after its right front tire blew, all the Plymouth and Dodge factory cars finished the race.

Ford, of course, was plenty blue, but there had been moments when it looked like all was not lost. A. J. Foyt, the Indianapolis "500" winner in 1961 and one of the world's best race drivers in any kind of car, had held his factory Ford up with the front-running Plymouths for 60 of the middle laps. The Plymouth people later snuffed that he had finally got the hang of riding in their vacuums and had no business being that near the front. In any event, all was clearly lost to Ford when Foyt's engine quit running, just like that, on the 127th of the race's 200 laps. Ford's other big gun, Fireball Roberts, had lost his power way back at the beginning in the 13th lap.

Petty earned about \$35,000 and became the second man in his family to win the Daytona 500. His father, Lee, won at the Speedway in 1959, the year it opened (Lee's prize had been a mere \$19,050).

Richard's next assignment for Plymouth will be the Atlanta 500 in April. That could be interesting, he said.

"If Ford shows up with a real kit—you know what I mean?—then that race will be a personal race between the drivers. But if Ford don't do anymore than they did this time, I don't guess there'll be much difference in the final result." But as Henry Ford had been saying the night before, there were going to be some changes made. Snap, crackle, pop. **END**



Allen J. Indzonka, Accountant

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The least used of bridge's tactical weapons are the double and redouble, because too many players are afraid of them. You can make these bids the most valuable in your arsenal BY CHARLES GOREN WITH JACK OLSEN

DOUBLING WILL DOUBLE YOUR FUN



Most bridge players double neither wisely nor well—and certainly not enough. Some players sit around and wait for cinch doubles insured by the Federal Deposit Insurance Corp. This is like trying to make one's way in the world by waiting for a rich uncle to die. Others have a built-in radar that tells them precisely the wrong time to double. When the right time comes, the radar set isn't working.

A knack for doubling can make up for many a sin, and a lack of the knack can turn an otherwise competent bridge player into a permanent loser. Over any period of time longer than a few weeks, you cannot win at contract bridge unless you know how to double. All that saves Mr. Average Player is that he is playing against other Mr. Average Players, and they haven't bothered to learn the rudiments of doubling, either. Do you think I'm being too harsh? Well, before you make up your mind, peruse this list of rules about doubling:

Never take your partner out of a business double.

Never double the opponents into game.

Never double on the cards you expect partner to hold; double on your own hand.

Double little slams if you hold two aces; double grand slams with one.

Any double at the level of one is for takeout.

A double of a new suit is for takeout.

Do you follow these rules? Most of them? Any of them? Well, they are all wrong. And yet these "rules," or minor variants of them, make up the average bridge player's approach to doubling. I don't know why. There has never been a book on bridge that advocated any of them. There has never been a competent teacher who taught them. And there never will be, unless someone decides to write *How to Lose at Contract Bridge*.

The trouble with these rules is not merely that they will cause you to make bad doubles, but that they add up to a

continued

weak-sister philosophy of bridge that can only be described in the teen-agers' favorite word: "schacken." I am going to introduce you to a bolder approach, one that will earn you quite a few extra tenths of a cent and at the same time make the game more fun. If you master this method the Smiths down the street are going to get the shock of their lives when they drop in for a relaxing session of bridge. They are going to spend the evening doubled and redoubled.

But first you are going to have to learn when *not* to double. And the most important double not to make is the one that enables the opponents to fulfill a contract they would never have made without it. This is not only the worst double in bridge, it is also one of the most common. Let's say our man holds a hand shaped like this:

♠ Q J x x ♥ K J x ♦ A Q x ♣ x x x

His left-hand opponent opens the bidding with one spade, the right-hand opponent jumps to three spades, and now it is too late for him to get into the bidding. But he reckons himself lucky, because that poor idiot on his left has been led up the garden path and now has taken the contract to four spades. "Double!" says our hero. Not only does he have more than enough points to set the hand, he figures, but he also has four trumps to the queen-jack. The hand *has* to go down. And then a funny thing happens on the way to the penalty: Declarer makes the contract with an overtrick and chalks up 390 points of his own—or 490, if he's vulnerable, plus the bonus for rubber.

Oddly enough, our hero's reasoning was correct, to a point. The hand did have to go down, until he doubled. After that it was a snap for declarer; he knew exactly where all the outstanding strength lay. Two finesse through the queen-jack of trumps rendered those "sure tricks" null and void, and from then on it was just a question of whether he made four spades or five. There are all sorts of variations of this five-star exhibit in bridge's chamber of horrors. There is the double of four unmakeable hearts that drives declarer into four makeable spades. And there is the double of five spades that (I shudder to say it) drives declarer into a safe small slam in a minor suit—a slam he never would have bid if he hadn't been forced to. I have even seen the living end: the double of a small slam that drives declarer into a grand slam that makes. The partner of this doubler was very restrained about it, I thought. He only assaulted him with bare fists.

Most blunders of this kind derive from the same specious reasoning on the part of the errant doubler. He reckons that he has to double because he holds so much power. But, in fact, that is the very reason he should not double. Allow me to explain this apparent paradox: when you double on a powerhouse you are providing the declarer with invaluable information by positioning the problem hand for him. But you might ask: With your own powerhouse, plus the points in partner's hand, shouldn't you be able to set the contract easily? That's just it: if the other team has reached game in the face of your own 14- or 15-point hand there aren't any high cards left for your partner to be holding. If there has been any sanity whatsoever in the opponents' bidding, there can't be anything across from you except, perhaps, an idle jack or queen. (And if there isn't any sanity in your opponents' bidding, you don't need my advice on when to double them.)

There is no bid that requires so much intelligent thought as the double. The more muscle you have, the more suspicious you should be. After all, your opponents aren't there to throw money away. If they somehow arrive at game in the face of your own powerful holdings, they must have some special reason. Under these conditions, you should believe your ears, not your eyes. You can count your own points exactly, but you can't count the opponents' distribution exactly—and it is distribution more than high cards that makes or breaks the average contract.

Just to get a small idea of the perils of doubling on your own powerhouse, consider this hand from the Florida State Championships several years ago. Harry Harkavy of Miami Beach was the declarer, and doubling Harry is not one of the recommended ways to get rich. The bidding was peculiar, and the less said about it the better. At any rate, Harry, sitting South, wound up in three hearts. Put yourself in the position of the East player. Against a contract of three hearts, he held:

♠ 5 ♥ A K Q 9 5 ♦ K 9 4 ♣ Q 10 7 2

Not only that, but his partner had put in a spade overall earlier in the bidding. Was there ever a better time to double? East doubled and soon found out that, yes, there were better times. Here are the hands:

EAST	SOUTH	WEST	NORTH
♠ 5	♠ 10 7 4	♥ K Q J 8 6 3	♥ A 9 2
♥ A K Q 9 5	♥ 10 8 6 3 2	♦ —	♦ J 7 4
♦ K 9 4	♦ 6	♣ Q 10 8 2	♣ A J 7 5 3
♣ Q 10 7 2	♣ A K 5 4	♣ J 9 3	♣ K 6

West opened the kind of spades, which was won with dummy's ace. Harry laid down the ace of diamonds and then trumped a diamond. He cashed the king and ace of clubs and ruffed a club in dummy. Then he trumped another diamond in his own hand and another club in dummy! Now Harry had taken eight of the required nine tricks, and poor East was still sitting there with his five trumps headed by the A K Q. Harry had only three trumps topped by the 10 in his hand, but he was on the board. A diamond lead completed the rout. If East trumped low, Harry could overtrump. If East trumped high, Harry could discard a spade and make his 10 of trumps on the third heart lead from East. Three hearts, doubled!

I confess that East *had* to double. And yet he could not set the contract with a combined partnership holding of 23 points in high cards, including the top three trumps. Remember this deal the next time you get ready to unleash a double when your own hand is loaded.

One of the typical causes of poor doubling is a player's inability to use the point-count table defensively. Not that point count doesn't allow for this: there are specific rules for evaluating a hand defensively as well as offensively. But not all players are capable of going both ways, like a star college halfback. They are demons at counting their hands for opening bids and responses, but they haven't the vaguest idea what their hands are worth against opposing bids and responses. Here your own native intelligence must take over. If you're defending and you hold a guarded king or an ace-queen in a suit, you are justified in looking fondly on them, provided the suit has been bid strongly to your right. If the suit has been bid strongly to your left, your

continued



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guarded king is probably worth nothing, and your ace-queen only one trick. If you hold A K x, or even A K x x, you may be justified in counting two defensive tricks in the suit, but if your partner has bid or supported the suit, the opponents figure to have a singleton or a void and this knocks your ace and king into a cocked hat. If you hold something like A K Q x x or A K Q x x x, you can bet the suit is worth a maximum of one defensive trick whether partner has supported it or not. And it may be worth nothing.

The key to learning when not to double is distribution. Many a player will look at 16 points in his own hand and figure, "Well, there are only 40 points in the deck, so that means the opponents have a maximum of 24 and probably less." When opponents go to game, this arithmetic specialist will double "on the points." Now and then, against poor bidders, he will have a good double. But all too often he finds himself unstrung by distribution. Too late he realizes that in this particular deal there were not only 40 points in the deck but 50 or more, counting short suits, long trumps, dummy points, self-establishing suits, etc. Under these conditions it is possible for the opponents to hold a game or even a slam despite the doubler's 16 points. Sometimes there are ways to spot these freak situations, if you study your hand and keep your ears cocked. One method is to utilize what Ely Culbertson called the "law of asymmetry" of distributions, or, as more plainspoken players have put it, "One freak, all freaks."

If your own hand is a weird one, you'd better make the assumption that the other hands are composed approximately the same way. Even if your own hand is square (no-trump distribution, if not no-trump points), you may be able to spot strange holdings. Perhaps an opponent has opened three or four of a suit, or the opposition has blasted to a game contract even though you and partner have been bidding, or they have unhesitatingly contracted for game in a suit in which you're loaded. These are all tip-offs that something is rotten. You may have a double, but more than likely this is a 50-point hand with freak distributions that give the declarer many more points than he figured to have on the arithmetic of the matter.

Now, it is possible to take all that I have told you about doubling so far and use it to an ignoble end—for example, by letting it usurp the place of your own good judgment. I can hear some superconservative player telling his partner next Tuesday night: "Yes, partner, I knew I could set the contract in my own hand, but Charles Goren says not to double when you have a powerhouse." Charles Goren de-

murs. Every now and then the opponents will get themselves into a just plain awful contract, through unfortunate distribution or bad luck or inept bidding. If it's reasonably clear to you that this has happened, of course you must double.

Anyway, it is far more fun to talk about doubles you should make, and from now on we shall. Here are a few doubles that can add spice to your game:

Doubles of early overcalls.

Doubles "into game."

Probing doubles.

Each of these is useful, but if I had to say which of the three is the sheerest joy, it would be the probing double. Also it is safe, profitable and, best of all, you get frequent chances to use it. The probing double is a double based on a moderately good defensive hand and the expectation that

partner holds a similar sort of hand. It is used against game contracts coked out in such a cautious manner that the opponents are clearly marked for minimum game holdings or a shade less. It is a gambler's double, but the odds are all on the gambler's side if he judges the cards are well placed for defense.

You hold as East:

♠ x x x x ♥ K x
♦ x ♣ J x x

Partner passes to open the auction. Now you must listen closely to the adverse bidding. Suppose it goes:

North: one spade. South: three spades. North: four spades.

The opposition sounds strong, and your best bet is to remain silent. Silence is also golden if the opposition bidding goes: North: one no trump. South: three no

trump.

Or:

North: one spade. South: two hearts. North: four hearts.

In cases like these the enemy bidding has been strong and positive. You hold eight points in high cards, but from the sound of things your partner has little or nothing. Now suppose you hold that same hand and the opposition bidding goes like this:

North: one spade. South: two spades. North: three spades. South: four spades.

Or like this:

North: one spade. South: one no trump. North: two hearts. South: two no trump. North: three no trump.

Or even like this:

North: one heart. South: one spade. North: two hearts. South: two spades. North: three clubs. South: three spades. North: three no trump.

None of this bidding is particularly strong and, in fact, each of the three sequences fairly well marks the opposition



The partner on the right doubled opponents into a makeable slam

continued



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GOREN'S NEW FORMULA

as having a borderline game at best. Usually such bidding will be accompanied by huffing and puffing and searching of the soul and long hesitations, which you are entitled to take into consideration. Unless you are facing chronic underbidders (and you should have learned this early in the first rubber), they are marked for a huge minimum—perhaps the necessary points for a game, but more likely a few less. This is the time to pounce. Make a probing double.

The arithmetic is simple. Ignoring distribution, you and partner are sitting on about 14 points. In other words, your partnership and the opposing partnership have equal chance of success. You have barely enough to set the contract; they have barely enough to make it. But 1500 points are more or less evenly divided, and your cards suggest that declarer will be "unlucky." This is the toughest assignment for a declarer. He never knows which way to finesse, whom to squeeze, and other strategic necessities. Moreover, you and your partner will get the first chance to upgrade your holdings by means of the first lead, you should be able to reach each other's hands occasionally, and, since the opponents have bid and you have not, you will know far more about their hands than they will know about yours.

Of all the doubles in bridge, this is the one least made, and yet the ingredients for this kind of double are present about once in every session. If you don't think so, probe your memory and try to recall some of the undoubted contracts you have set. Observe, please, that the probing double doesn't carry with it the pitfalls of the powerhouse double. This time you don't hold all the high cards; you have merely stilled out a situation where the defensive armament is arrayed on both sides of the table. Nine times out of 10, at least until your friendly bridge opponents begin to catch on to your probing doubles, they will take your double to mean that you do hold the powerhouse, which will only compound their errors. And something else is working for the probing double: the score sheet. When opponents make a game against a probing double, they score an extra 150 or 170 points. Once in a blue moon they may even rack up an unexpected 100 or 200 for an overtrick (but not if you've made a careful probing double). On the other hand, when you set them you enter a numerical Shangri-la, expressed in

terms of 100-300-500. And even 200-500-800.

Where probing doubles are concerned, you will have to put up with a certain amount of guff from your partner. For years now it has been assumed in many quarters that you must double only on your own hand. The first few times you set contracts with probing doubles, partner is going to give you that old cliché: "You're pretty lucky, partner. You doubled, and we hand took the setting trick." Sure it did but, off the bidding, it pretty nearly had to. And you were the one who diagnosed this, not that ingrate sitting across from you with the condescending smile on his face. He's the lucky one. He has you for a partner.

Now, there are certain bridge players who are crying out to be taken to the cleaners, and I don't mean this as any reflection on their sartorial splendor. I give you my word: they are there. I only refrain for you to find them. I'm referring to those who make overcalls with hardly any points, and those who make overcalls only to indicate a lead.

When these players put in their nuisance bids, they are depending on a proved fact of bridge life: the average player would rather make game than administer penalties. As soon as he senses that he has a shot at game, the average player will treat intervening bids as though they hadn't happened and roll right along toward a game contract. If n route he may ignore overcalls that could be worth three times as many points to him in penalties. Thus he creates a vacuum into which the wild-eyed overbidder rushes, secure in the knowledge that the opponents' compulsion to make game will keep him from being left in his own bad bid.

In a sense, the overenthusiastic overcaller is an anachronism. He dates back to the early days of contract, when players would overcall on a whim or a fancy, sometimes only because they were bored by having to sit there looking at a jack-high hand. Then the bridge world discovered the business double, and the zany overcaller soon found himself up to his eyebrows in penalty points.

As a result of this emphasis on penalties, the irresponsible overcaller was stifled for a few decades. But my own eyes and ears indicate a trend toward the return of this exiled public enemy. To be sure, you won't get as many chances to double weak overcalls as to make prob-

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GOREN'S NEW FORMULA *continued*

ing doubles, but when the chances do arise, they will be gilt-edged. The difference is that the probing double is made against game contracts and, by the time the opponents have bid themselves up to a game, they ought to have a fair idea of what their best suit is, to say the least. But the double of an overall frequently catches the opponents in anything but their best suit. A battinsky will throw in a two-club bid simply to show that he holds five clubs to the ace, and another will overcall just to cut down the bidding space available to you and your partner. When you hear nuisance bids like those, your best course frequently is to abandon your own plans for game and lash out with a double. Let us say that your partner opens the bidding with a spade. Second hand bids two clubs, and you hold:

♦Kx ♥KQxxx ♦xx ♠Kxxx

Partner has 13 points, perhaps more. You have 11. Barring some sort of freak distribution, you and your partner are holding 1/2 of the points in the deck. But the opponents have already contracted to take 1/2 of the tricks! In simple English, they hold substantially less than half the points and hope to take substantially more than half the tricks. How can you do anything better than double?

Admittedly, there are a few ominous possibilities. One is that the overcaller is sitting there with a rockcrusher containing eight or nine clubs to the A Q J, or that he has only four or five clubs but has caught his partner with similar length. Another remote possibility is that your partner was opening a freakish hand containing few high cards but a long run of spades, all of which makes his hand just about worthless defensively. But this is the cowardly way to look at such a bidding sequence. Bidding is based on the science of probability, and the probability is overpoweringly strong that you will set this particular intervener two or three tricks doubled, or 300 to 800 points depending on the vulnerability. Before you can cash in on this advice, however, you must be sure of your partner. Otherwise you are going to run into a situation like this:

Partner will open one diamond. Intervener will bid one heart. You will be sitting there with 12 points and nice hearts and you will have a perfect penalty double. But as soon as you double, your partner begins to agonize. He scrunches and seroaches and rootches around in

his chair, every now and then giving you a quizzical look, and finally he will bid another suit. This is the player who goes by the old nonrule: any double at the level of one is for takeout.

Now, it is bad enough to play strictly according to the rules, but to play according to nonrules is unconscionable. So the next time this matter comes up, wait till the rubber is over, take partner aside and, in as calm a voice as you can manage, suggest to him that the purpose of a takeout double is to ascertain his best suit. If he has opened the bidding, why would you need to ask for his best suit? He's already told you. And you can close your gentle lecture with a valid, 24-karat rule: once your partner has bid, any subsequent double by you is for penalties.

There remains one misapprehension to be swept away before you and partner can embark on a glorious career of sending emboldened interveners down to ignominious and doubled defeat, and that is the old canard that you never double opponents into game. This philosophy is for scared bridge players. If I were playing some villain for my life, I suppose I might hesitate to double him into game. But since bridge is usually played for some smaller stake, opponents should be doubled into game whenever it becomes obvious that the contract may be set a substantial amount. When does this become obvious? Whenever partner has opened and you hold a reasonably good hand, or whenever you have opened and partner has given you something more than a minimal response, it is next to impossible for the overcaller to make his contract. And—perish forbid!—what will happen if the declarer puts together a crossruff, a fallaway, a Deschappelles Coup and a quadruple finesse and *does* make the contract?

Nothing.

Oxygen will remain in the air. The oceans will not rise up and flood the country. There are worse things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than doubling opponents into game and watching uncomfortably as they make it. The greatest of bridge players have had to endure this claustrophobic embarrassment, but they also have reaped more than their share of 500- and 800-point penalties. Bold but well-reasoned doubling of low-level overcalls simply has to show a profit over the years.

At the other end of the spectrum there

continued

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A vintage advertisement for wool clothing. Two men are standing in front of large, stylized, golden letters that spell out the word 'Wool'. The man on the left is wearing a dark suit and a striped tie, with his hands in his pockets. The man on the right is wearing a light-colored suit and a dark tie, holding a pink folder. The background is a plain, light color.

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*Enjoy the natural wonders of wool
loomed in America.*

GOREN'S NEW FORMULA *continued*

is a double that is just as certain to cost you money in the long run, and that is the slam double—at least as it is normally misused. We have already seen how ordinary doubles can give away a contract by telling the declarer where to look for the missing honors. This kind of slam double is especially dangerous, because there usually are so few honors out that all guesswork is removed for the declarer. But a more cogent reason for not doubling slams is to be found in the old numbers game. Let us assume, for practical purposes, that you expect to set the slam one trick (if you have good and sufficient reason to expect a set of more than one trick, then go ahead and double and never mind what anybody tells you, including me). One trick is almost always the maximum set against a slam, unless you're playing against frightful bidders. Now look at the figures: If the opponents bid slam and go down one, they are penalized 50 or 100 points. If you have doubled, they are penalized 100 or 200 points. Your net gain by doubling is 50 or 100 points. But what happens if the opponents make the slam?

In a minor suit, doubled, they get 170 extra points; redoubled, 410 extra points. In a major suit, doubled, they get 230 extra points; redoubled, 590 extra points.

I have emphasized the word extra in each case to show that these are points solely attributable to your double; they are in addition to the normal slam bonuses and the normal points for each trick. You don't have to list all the possible combinations of vulnerability and nonvulnerability, overtricks and undertricks, major suits and minor suits to begin to see what a loser's bet the "I dare you to make it" slam double is. It puts the doubler in the position of laying 4-to-1 odds that he will set the contract. And this simple arithmetic reveals the falsity of another nonrule of bridge: double little slams if you hold two aces, and double grand slams with one ace.

If the opponents reach a small slam with two aces missing, they may have bid wretchedly. But they also may have booby-trapped you with something like a void in one of those suits or a self-establishing side suit on which they can discard losers. The same goes for players who reach a grand slam minus one ace. You may have them by the scruff of their necks, but is it worth a 4-to-1 gamble especially when your double is going to

continued



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GOREN'S NEW FORMULA

give them valuable information? No, not even if you're playing against your boss.

There are two exceptions to the general rule that you should not double slams. The first is that sometimes the opponents will be so far out of bounds that you'd have to be a Calvin Coolidge conservative not to take advantage of their folly and double them. The second is the so-called Lightner Slam Double, a useful, aggressive convention. The main purpose of this slam-double convention is to set an otherwise makeable contract, not necessarily to rack up a fortune in penalties. It should be used when it appears to be the best approach to the defense of the hand. The slam-double convention calls for an unusual lead. Expressed in rule-book fashion, it asks partner to lead "the first suit (other than trump) bid by dummy or, if dummy has bid no side suit, the first side suit bid by declarer."

In other words, when your partner doubles a slam, you don't lead a trump, you don't lead a suit that might have been bid by partner, you don't automatically lead your own best suit.

Under what conditions would you use this convention? Suppose dummy's first side suit was clubs and the opponents are now in a contract of six diamonds. You have only a few trumps, and you are void in clubs. A slam double will send a club lead crashing right into your void, where you can trump it with a card that otherwise would be useless. You may not set the contract, but you've gained one trick you would not win any other way. You're still flying in the face of 4-to-1 odds, but this time your double has provided partner with more useful information than it has provided declarer and may even send the slam tumbling down, with the resulting loss of hundreds of bonus points. To put it another way: a penalty double purely for profit is not apt to be of help in defense. And often it will help the opponents to bring the slam home. A conventional slam double will make the slam more difficult and may torpedo it altogether.

And how do you tell which is which? You must discuss this in advance with your partner. If he plays the convention, all slam doubles by the player not on lead must be considered a demand for the unusual lead. If he doesn't, then shy away from slam doubles unless they come with a money-back guarantee in writing. You can't beat the odds.



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**CONTINENTAL
AIRLINES**



GOREN'S NEW FORMULA *continued*

Now we have discussed when to double and when not to double, but we haven't discussed how to avoid getting doubled and penalized, nor have we discussed when to redouble. Or have we? If you remember what's been said so far, you've learned plenty about both. Mostly these are matters of gauging your opponents. If you know you're playing against an opponent who doubles strictly on his own hand, you may find the information valuable enough to justify a redouble, especially if you can see that the distribution is in your favor and you're operating with one of those bizarre deals. Perhaps your hand is riddled with holdings like $A Q \times \times$, $K J \times \times$, $A Q 10 \times$ and other tenaces. If the player to your right doubles, you might be justified in redoubling, all the more so if you have reason to believe that his is a powerhouse double.

A redouble offers the pleasant privilege of raising the ante when you have what you are pretty certain is a winning hand. For example, you have a void suit the opponents can't know about; or you were thinking of bidding a lot more when the double came along to make it unnecessary to do so; or the lead the doubler has asked for (against a slam, for example) cannot possibly hurt you.

When you redouble a contract that can't be set more than one trick, the odds are with you—more so in majors than minors, but in your favor nevertheless. You gain at least 200 points if you just make your redoubled game contract and a great deal more if you can wangle an overtrick or two. One word of caution: be sure your hand is the kind that will severely punish the opponents should your redouble cause them to run. In other words, don't redouble if the opponents have any prospects of a reasonable save, especially if they aren't vulnerable. Do redouble even if you aren't 100%; sure of making your contract (as long as you won't go down more than one) if you have the enemy in such a box that any out will be, for him, a leap from the frying pan into a well-stoked fire.

To avoid getting doubled and hurt when you overcall, restrict your overcalls to the land of reality. *I.e.*, overcall only if you have a reasonable number of points (nine or 10 is a rough minimum) and, above all, a long suit that will be good for four or five tricks regardless of what else is outstanding.

The question of how not to get set is often the question of how to spot misfits before you're in the soup. Under modern bidding systems, you will seldom get to game or slam without something like the required number of points, and you will usually be in the partnership's best suit. But there remains the matter of fit, and if the bidding begins to show that you don't have a fit, you should run, not walk, to the nearest emergency exit. Never mind that you hold enough points for game; without a fit, those points will evaporate right before your eyes. Take the standard situation where one player keeps bidding hearts and his partner keeps topping him with spade bids, until finally the contract reaches an unmakeable four. Who should have quit? Once, in a lighthearted mood, I wrote that the younger of the two partners should defer to the senior. But I withdrew the suggestion; too many people took it seriously, and there were some ferocious battles in certain ladies' bridge clubs. A better way is to observe this rule: the player with the high cards should permit his hand to become dummy; the player with the long suit should try to become declarer.

You can see the logic: the player with the long suit is usually relying on that suit for most of the points he has been showing. If his suit does not become trumps, his hand is reduced to ashes. There is nothing as hard to reach as six good spades on the board when hearts are trump. The moment you smell a misfit, bid out and try to make the high-card hand dummy. Some opponents will twist you for being too conservative. Never mind their gibes. The aim of bridge is not to hid game and make it, but to bid what you have and make it. If you do the second, the first will take care of itself.

SOME TRICKS OF GOREN'S TRADE

In the play of the hand, chicanery is not only an acceptable but an honored attribute. Next week Goren demonstrates some deceptive plays and shows why you must strike quickly. In other words: how to keep your opponents guessing all evening.



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Family disapproval in the Dutch House of Orange became as tart as a whisky sour when Lutheran Princess Irene met a Bourbon Prince from Catholic Spain at a bullfight and decided she wanted to marry him. Last week, against family orders and still firm in their intentions despite a parliamentary crisis, the Orange princess and the Bourbon prince were blending again on the ski slopes of Kitzbühel.

At a Washington preview of *Seven Days in May*, presidential Press Secretary Pierre Salinger chose to stand rather than sit, even though plenty of seats were available. Asked why, Portly Pierre explained that he had just returned from the LBJ ranch, where relaxation is permitted only in a saddle.

It may come as a shock and a disappointment to the weary parents of teen-age daughters but, according to expert opinion, the Beatles are as close to drownproof as men can be. There is no better way to pull a person out of the water than to grab him by the hair, says Ferdinand Castillo, a top instructor in life saving for the YWCA, and the Beatles have just the hair for it.

A forgiving man by both profession and inclination, Pope Paul VI granted the first Catholic priest ever to coach an Olympic hockey team a private audience and a chance to kiss the papal ring, despite the fact that Father David Bauer's team was also the first and only one from Canada ever to finish without a medal.

The way Sophia Loren sings the latest pop rage on the Via

Veneto, you just know she has a message only a Latin lover could appreciate, or does she? "*Perché, perché La Domenica mi lasci sempre sola.*" wails Sophia. "*per andare a vedere la partita di pallone?*" And what does it all mean? Roughly, "Why, why do you always leave me alone on Sundays to go and see the soccer game?"

For four Cuban sea captains, the price of fishing in forbidden waters was only \$500 a head. For Republican House Leader Charles Halleck it was very nearly a ticket to Kingdom Come. The cheerful co-star of the Eved Charley show was plucking groupers out of the Gulf as happily as a porpoise when an agitated U.S. Coast Guard patrol ordered him off its restricted gunnery and target range.

Adding to the festivities of their Olympic year, Japan's Emperor and Empress announced the "arrangement" of a marriage between their No. 2 son, Prince Yoshi, and a pretty commoner named Hanako Tsugura, who is described as "an all-round athlete, mad about horseback riding." Meanwhile, with an eye on future Olympics, No. 1 son, Crown Prince Akihito, who met his own bride on a tennis court, was busily tutoring 4-year-old Prince Hiro in the fine points of Indian wrestling (right).

Suspended Green Bay Halfback Paul Hornung, who has been a steady companion of Hollywood's 23-year-old Myrna Ross, was agast when told that Columnist Walter Winchell reported him linked with Myrna Loy. "After all," said the 28-year-old footballer, whose 220 pounds spread

over 6 feet 2 inches could never qualify him as the Thin Man, "Myrna Loy is 58."

What the world needs, says the cold war's self-appointed Angel of Peace, Cyrus Eaton, is a World Series—a real, no-kidding one between baseball teams from Moscow and New York. "Baseball," the U.S. millionaire told a Russian audience, "is a sport really in tune with our age. It's very modern and it develops strength, dexterity and improves the health. I think that if this sport were developed in your own country your sportsmen would achieve great success."

The trouble with people today, said Germany's crusty old hiker Konrad Adenauer, 88, is that they don't walk enough. Formally enrolled as a member of the German "Foundation of Walkers," *Der Alte* insists that if he were organizing a new political party now he would make it the Pedestrian

Party. "People would run to join," he said.

"I played a little drop pool in college," confessed His Honor, Mayor Robert Wagner, "and maybe if I'd practiced harder, I wouldn't be in politics today." And maybe then the kids in New York's Police Athletic League wouldn't stand to gain as they now do when the mayor challenges ex-Ambassador Perle Mesta, the hostess with the mostest on a billiard ball, in a benefit match next week in Manhattan.

The rivalry between New York's National and American League baseball managers may be fierce at the field level, but when it comes to the newest national pastime—quitting smoking—there's no contest. Strong-willed Yogi Berra swears off cigarettes every year for Lent and sticks to it, while chain-smoking Casey Stengel admits that "the only time I don't smoke is when I'm asleep."





'Young' Sam wins while old Mac sues

Snead, admitting to a new status, takes a senior championship that is played on two good new golf courses that nobody seems to want

At first view the new PGA National clubhouse in Palm Beach Gardens, Fla. looks like a grand and improbable tent in the midst of an oasis. It rises suddenly from beyond a sand flat, the sun shoots turquoise flashes from the glazed tiles of its slanting roof, and its cream Roman-brick walls are all but invisible against the hard, bright background of Florida sky. Two 18-hole golf courses sweep away from the clubhouse in a crescent of Bermuda grass, Australian pines, cabbage palms, blue ponds and white bunkers, above which gulls float when the wind does not blow them back out to sea. In that setting the Professional Golfers' Association held its annual seniors' championship last week, an event that proved memorable on two counts. There was Sam Snead, at 51, playing in the first seniors' tournament of his life and getting even for this inevitable indignity by turning the championship into an all-but-no-contest affair. And then there was the PGA, an old organization making some young and expansive moves, getting involved in a brisk multimillion-dollar legal battle over its new clubhouse and courses.

The outdoor action was simple to follow, assuming you ignored the weather, which was chilly at best and numbing at worst. As happens when it gets cold in Florida, the dress of the gallery was desperate. Some women wore shorts, and their legs turned icy-blue, but one realist appeared in ski pants, a white fur parka and dark glasses, as if prepared for the cocktail hour at St. Moritz. As Snead started down the first fairway on Thursday a tournament official noted that his gallery looked "like the Yugoslav army on a picnic."

If the gallery was cold, Snead was not. He eagled the first hole on the difficult East Course and went on to turn in a five-under-par 67. He rode in an electric cart and often scooted ahead to check pin placements before shooting. The seniors are allowed to use carts if a doctor attests that it is advisable, and Snead got his because of an aching ankle. (One Palm Beach County doctor said he treated more than 50 of the seniors, usually injecting novocaine into sore joints for men determined to play.) On Friday, Snead was just as sharp, shooting a 68 on the West Course and giving the kind of performance that should

make an entire nation less apprehensive about the swift flight of the years.

"It made me feel young again to watch him," said Sam's business manager, Fred Corcoran. "That first round was the best I ever saw him play from tee to green. He was on the flag all day. He pulled out of turn twice, and both times he moved from less than three feet, so I guess he was a little nervous, but he played wonderfully. The older he gets, the better he is."

Snead insists he does not think of himself as getting older. Last year he passed up the seniors'—also known as the Teacher Trophy Championship in honor of the Scotch whisky company that sponsors the event—and was quoted as saying he was not ready for a seniors' tournament yet. But this year, as he pulled away from a field that included Defending Champion Herman Barron (54), Paul Runyan (55), Dutch Harrison (53), John Barnum (52), Gene Sarazen (61) and 400 others, Snead seemed to enjoy the elderly company.

"Now, I didn't skip the tournament last year because it made me look old," Snead said. "I don't worry about getting older. I say, let the waters run down the stream. Let 'em go. What can you do about it? Nothing, that's what. I may be a little bit shorter off the tee than I used to be, is all. Other than that, my game is basically the same as always."

Snead's same old game proved plenty good enough to smother his peers, and by Sunday night the Teacher Trophy, the trip to England that goes with it and the \$2,500 winner's purse were his as he finished with a 279, three strokes ahead of Barnum.

The PGA could only wish that its indoor problems were as simple as Snead's outdoor conquest. At Palm Beach Gardens, it either has or does not have, depending on the point of view, two splendid 18-hole golf courses and the plushiest clubhouse since the contractors put the last touch on the water hazard in front of the Taj Mahal.

The clubhouse and courses were built by Multimillionaire John D. MacArthur, who owns the city of Palm Beach Gardens (pop. 3,500) lock, stock and sand dune. In 1960 MacArthur suggested to the PGA that it move its national headquarters to his town. He, in return, would build the PGA two golf courses;



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GOLF continued

the PGA would only have to pay for the clubhouse. The PGA, reflecting on the growing public enthusiasm for professional golf, thought it needed and could afford a substantial home base and signed a contract with MacArthur.

MacArthur, who also owns Bankers' Life & Casualty Company, a Chicago insurance firm with policies of nearly a billion dollars in force, realized that having the PGA in his own personal town would be a tremendous promotional asset. A former copy boy on the *Chicago Examiner*—where his late brother, Charlie, made a reputation as an outstanding reporter before co-authoring *The Front Page* with Ben Hecht and marrying Helen Hayes—MacArthur, now 66, has amassed a fortune of more than \$75 million by never overlooking a promotional asset.

He also does not overlook a chance to go to court when he thinks it is necessary, and last week he was busy suing the PGA to—he says—force it to live up to its contract. MacArthur makes a formidable foe. His language, when he is calm and in a pleasant mood, sounds like that of a stevedore who has just dropped a box on his foot. He is contemptuous of fancy dress; he arrived at the new PGA clubhouse Friday afternoon wearing an old brown suit coat, a pair of baggy blue pants, a dirty white shirt, and a gray tie that was yanked loose at the collar.

"I hate ties," he said. "I don't see the use in them. There was a bill in the Florida legislature to make it illegal for anybody in this whole state to wear a tie, and I'm for that. I only put on a tie when I go to court." Which is where he had been that day.

The problem is that the PGA has mixed emotions over whether to accept the new clubhouse—which MacArthur himself built after submitting the low bid of \$878,000 but which, with the price of furnishings, machinery and equipment added in, will end up costing about \$1.6 million. Many PGA members, being accustomed to their old home at Dunedin, Fla., where the clubhouse has a place to change shoes and a few nails to hang coats on, doubt the organization can afford such lavish new quarters. Others say prestige demands the sort of swank home the so-called PGA National Golf Club offers, and would not mind increased assessments to pay for it.

"They have to afford it," MacArthur

says, "because I have a contract with them. They can't just tear up the piece of paper and go away after I've blown \$1.9 million of my own dough building those two golf courses.

"I can't help it if the clubhouse cost so much. I built it to the specifications of the PGA's architect. These silly tiles on the roof cost \$1 each, but the PGA is the one who wanted them. This place cost \$25 to \$30 per square foot. It's built like a bomb shelter. If a bomb hit it, all you'd have to do is jack it up and put it back. Listen, I built this place for a specified amount. It's not cost-plus. I lost about \$50,000 on it. This place has given me an ulcer and made me mad. I'm tired of guys coming up to me and telling me I'm robbing them. Sure, I stand to profit by having the PGA here. But I have to sell all these lots [440 of which are on the perimeter of the two courses] to get my money back, and I want to get started selling them."

Meanwhile, workmen were still laboring on the embattled clubhouse as the seniors played last week, and the whine of electric saws scraped through the building. But the clubhouse was already magnificent. One wing has been divided into 17 rooms to house PGA officers. The carpeting looks like a mat of peacock feathers. From the terrace is a view of six greens on the East Course. To the west one can see the glint of cars speeding along the Sunshine State Parkway toward Miami, an hour-and-a-half drive to the south. Along the Avenue of the PGA, MacArthur—a lover of trees who moved eight huge banyans into Palm Beach Gardens by tugboat and dredge and once stalled three Atlantic Coastline Railroad passenger trains for three hours while his men hauled a 75-ton banyan over a 30-foot railroad embankment—has planted rows of royal palms. The two courses, which were cleared out of a wasteland of sand and weeds by moving 1,200,000 cubic yards of earth, are dotted with palms and pines, as well as with 123 bunkers. MacArthur has built, in short, an impressive layout.

The members of the PGA may disagree about whether or not they should be involved in such a project, but if the organization's headquarters does end up in Palm Beach Gardens at the very least it would seem to have a fine clubhouse and two of the better golf courses around. Advancement, sometimes, is painful—except, of course, for Sam Snead. **END**



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A small town moves into the big time

Salisbury, Md. has a population of only 16,302, but its huge, airy civic center (above) proved an ideal site for the National indoor championships, which were won by Chuck McKinley

Chuck McKinley and Dennis Ralston have been coupled in glory so often during the past year that one tends to think of them as teammates, like Blanchard and Davis, or Mantle and Maris, rather than as red-blooded rivals. Indeed, before they met in the finals of the National Indoor championships last week, they had played only three formal matches against each other. In an unlikely setting on Maryland's Eastern Shore, rival McKinley beat rival Ralston in five sets, thereby proving that, for the moment at least, he is the better of the U.S. Davis Cup stars.

There was really very little difference between the play of the two, but Ralston's inability to stop fighting himself proved costly and is the major reason he is ranked No. 2 in the country behind McKinley. When McKinley won the long first set 15-13, Ralston's disappointment was obvious and he dropped the second easily 6-2. But Ralston fought back to win the third and fourth sets with some beautiful tennis. He looked like a certain winner, since McKinley, after three straight tough matches, was obviously tired, but in the final set Ralston lost control of his serve in the fourth game and McKinley held on to win.

When the match was over, the rivals closed ranks as teammates again. "We're both still learning," said McKinley. "We'll be better." Maybe so, but it was still some of the best tennis in the history of the Indoors and definitely the best tennis that ever came out of Salisbury, Md.

This was only the second time in the 64-year history of the National Indoors that the tournament was not played in the Seventh Regiment Armory in New York City, a building so dark and dusty that it was difficult to spot the Seventh Regiment, let alone a tennis ball. When the armory was closed this year for renovations, the USLTA surprised the tennis world by awarding the tournament not to Chicago or St. Louis, two big cities that wanted it badly, but to little Salisbury, Md., population 16,302.

Salisbury was given the Indoors for two reasons. First, it has a \$700,000 civic center, a spacious, brightly lit building that glistens like a jewel. Second, it has Bill Riordan, who singlehandedly has turned Salisbury into one of the tennis-happiest towns in the country.

Bill Riordan is 44 and has been a tennis bug most of his life. He was raised in Forest Hills, but moved to Salisbury

10 years ago because there was a dress shop in town for sale. He bought the shop and started merchandising—Riordan never says "selling"—dresses and tennis.

The dresses sold fast, but not the tennis. There were only four courts in town, all with grass growing up through wide cracks. Riordan had the courts resurfaced and started giving lessons to any youngster who cared to learn. At first there were only five takers, but within a couple of years the game became so popular that the jealous baseball promoters forced kids to sign Pony League contracts with a clause promising they would not play tennis. "I knew we were home then," says Riordan. "Schopenhauer, the German philosopher, said that any good idea goes through three stages. The first is ridicule—they said tennis was sissy stuff. The second is violent opposition—the Pony League business. Finally there is acceptance, as if it was self-evident all along. That is the stage we're at now. We have 21 courts and they are crowded all year, even in winter."

When Salisbury built its civic center four years ago, Riordan organized a winter tournament, bringing in a few big-

continued

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TENNIS *continued*

name players like Dick Savitt and Vic Seixas. Each year the tournament was a success and each year Riordan was able to draw a bigger and stronger field. When the New York armory closed its doors this year, Riordan was ready.

"A lot of people think I got the National Indoors in a smoke-filled room," says Riordan. "Actually, it was right out in the bright sunlight. I was at the Nationals at Forest Hills—it was Lahey Day—and Cliff Sauer of the USLTA said to me, 'Bill, how would you like to hold the Indoors down at your place this year?' Well, at first I thought it was crazy, but then I became fascinated with the idea of trying to merchandise that big a tournament in a town the size of Salisbury. So I said, 'O.K.'"

Riordan's first decision was to get the best players in the world. "They've always had about six winners and 26 losers in the field," Riordan says. "I wanted all winners. 32 of them, and hang the expense. We flew in Billy Lenoir from Tucson. He draws Roy Emerson in the first round. People tell me: 'You're crazy to fly in Billy Lenoir and have him get beat by Emerson in the first round.' But look, Lenoir is a good player and he deserves to be in the tournament."

Transportation for the players cost Riordan almost half of the \$17,000 tournament expenses, and the fare from Tucson was just the beginning: Boro Jovanovic and Nicola Pietrangeli were brought in from Yugoslavia and both were beaten in the first round. Manuel Santana and Luis Arilla came in from Spain. Rafael Osuna and Antonio Palafox from Mexico and Roy Emerson and Ken Fletcher from Australia, against the protests of the Australian Tennis Association, which threatened to kick both of them off the Australian Davis Cup Team. In addition, there were Tomas Koch, an up-and-coming young Brazilian, Gene Scott, Arthur Ashe and Tom Edelsten, the fourth-, sixth- and ninth-ranking players in the U.S. and, of course, McKinley and Ralston. So strong was the field that McKinley, the Wimbledon champion, had to play Osuna, the U.S. champion, in the quarter-finals. "The draw is better than Wimbledon," Osuna told Riordan before the tournament began. "But then, Bill, a quarter more and you go first class, right?"

All of the players agreed that Salisbury's civic center was first-class. The tournament was played on canvas,

stretched tautly over the center's wooden floor. The lighting was ideal. In the first round Bill Lenoir, as Riordan's friends had predicted, lost to Roy Emerson, but he made Riordan look good by winning the first set. "That match was good for me," said Emerson afterward. "In fact, I'll need a couple more tough ones, providing I get by them, in order to go all the way."

The next day Emerson got his tough match and found it too tough. Tom Edelsten, a powerful hiner with a deadpan expression who is a teammate of Ralston's at USC, upset Emerson in three sets, accomplishing something neither Ralston nor McKinley could do during the Davis Cup matches. At the same time Arthur Ashe was beating Ken Fletcher, thus eliminating both Australians in the second round.

Emerson's defeat made Ralston's road to the finals a lot easier than McKinley's. His first name opponent was Whitney Reed, whom he met in the quarter-finals. Reed's game runs hot and cold, and against Ralston it ran very cold as he lost 6-1, 6-4. In the semi-finals Ralston had another easy victory, beating teammate Edelsten, who, after staying hot against Ashe, finally cooled off.

McKinley, on the other hand, had to get by Palafox, Osuna and Santana to reach the finals. The Santana match went five sets and in the final set McKinley was two points away from losing. But McKinley rallied, won and then bounced right back for three sets of doubles with Ralston as his partner. He didn't get off the court until 1 a.m., six hours and eight sets after he began. For this reason it seemed as if he would not be strong enough physically to beat Ralston, and, indeed, after Ralston had rallied to win the third and fourth sets of their match, McKinley looked through. But McKinley is a bulldog, and at the end of their match it was Ralston who looked exhausted.

It had been supposed that Salisbury would merely be an interim site for the Indoors and that next year the tournament would be returned to the renovated New York armory. But so large were the crowds—17,000 total, a record—and so pleased were the players with the conditions, that even before the tournament was over the USLTA decided to hold the 1965 National Indoors in Salisbury, too. The Seventh Regiment may have the armory to itself for a long time.

END

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An uneasy way to Acapulco

Despite innovations designed to make her the fanciest ocean racer afloat, *Kialoa II* boasted no gadget to control capricious winds

The 1,430-mile race from San Diego, Calif. to Acapulco, Mexico is sometimes called the world's most scenic ocean race. Along its southward course marlin jump, turtles bask on the surface and porpoises roll, while deep down in the crystal water blue flecks of plankton glow like Christmas tree lights. Yet for the crews of boats being raced hard, conditions are among the world's most frustrating. Wind changes come with the sun, with the moon, with the distance offshore, with the altitude of the headlands and often for no discernible reason at all. Aboard John B. Kilroy's brand-new aluminum marvel *Kialoa II* (SI, Feb. 3), we soon discovered that

progress during any one hour was no guarantee for the next. Headsail changes and variations in trim were almost incessant, until finally a crew member horsing yet another genoa up on deck voiced what was in all our minds: "There must be an easier way to get to Acapulco."

The pattern of the race was set shortly after the start off San Diego at noon on Sunday, February 2. The fleet got away in a light, reaching breeze which soon shifted ahead, presenting each skipper with the problem that was to plague him each hour for the next week: whether to stay close under the beach to play the on- and offshore thermal winds

or go to sea in hopes of catching a steadier and fresher slant. As the fleet split, Ashley G. Bown in the 40-foot *Carousel* worked out ahead of the in-shore group, while the 81-foot *Sirius II* and 73-foot *Kialoa* dueled farther out. At sunset, there was every prospect for a peaceful night of drifting; a couple of hours later, wind suddenly spilled from Todos Santos Bay like water from a broken dam. In two hours we logged 23 nautical miles, driven along by gusts topping 35 knots. Then nothing. Absolutely nothing. Yet while cigarette smoke hung immobile for the boats inshore, *Sirius* and others of the fleet which had sagged to leeward during the squalls continued merrily on their way with a sea breeze, opening a big lead before the morning radio roll call.

From then on, *Sirius* stayed ahead of the pack and went on to finish in eight days, nine hours, 15 minutes, setting a new elapsed time record for the race. *Kialoa*, a boat so new that a small army of workmen had stayed aboard until the last minute, was second.

Unquestionably, *Kialoa* is the most advanced ocean racer afloat, and her de-

Now, socks that stay



feet by *Silvia* was a disappointment, but it will take time to achieve her full potential. Under the Bermuda rule, Olin Stephens attempted to give her the longest possible waterline and slightly less displacement than *Boiero* and similar limit vessels. This should tend to make her hull more easily driven and give her a higher top speed than any other yacht eligible for next June's race to Bermuda. "Kialoa should be as fast as a 12-meter," mused Stephens.

What impressed Kialoa's crew even more on the way to Acapulco was that her headsails are approximately twice the size of those on any 12. After a few days, they became heavy, indeed. Yet fortunately, Jim Kalroy had given thought to the comfort of his deck group, and offwatch life centered around a ranch-house type of cooking unit that deserved to be called a kitchen rather than a galley, complete to garbage disposal, huge freezer and a wall oven using magic radar rays—roast beef rare in six minutes per pound, medium in seven minutes. The presiding genius was Bob Harris, an insurance broker who cooks for fun. Bob treated us to such

delicacies as filet of sole Florentine and creamed Alaska king crab in individual pastry shells.

The other innovations intended to give Kialoa all the comforts of a home afloat were less successful. Air conditioning is a mixed blessing even when it works, and Kialoa's did not. Indirect lighting, too, has its points, but it is no substitute in a crowded cabin for a shaded bulb over a bunk where one man can read without disturbing those trying to sleep. Yet, despite minor quibbles, all hands felt they were aboard a great boat, while even conservative Olin Stephens termed her performance, "Not definitive, yet not discouraging."

But as the big fellows headed south, tending their new sails and pondering their innovations, little *Carousel*, which is really a stock Owens cutter only slightly modified in rig and deck layout, was never far behind. Her eight-year-old mainsail teamed up well with an eight-year-old balloon jib, recut from a genoa, and her two men on deck made their changes perhaps a bit faster than the big crews of more ponderous rivals. After the first couple of days, Ash Bown conferred with

Malin Burnham, in charge of the opposite watch, and they decided they did not like conditions under the beach: it looked as though wind from the Gulf of California was upsetting the normal cycle. So at San Benito islands, about one-third of the way down, they cut offshore. Six days and 920 miles later, completely on dead-reckoning navigation, they made their next landfall, only five miles in error. The last leg was sailed close to shore, when the thermals worked again, and *Carousel* crossed the line in seventh place, ahead of three Class A boats and all of Class B, to win the race and set a new record on corrected time.

Having had the honor of being taken for a sail aboard *Carousel* after the finish, I was not only impressed by the convenience of her layout but the ease and speed with which everything could be done. Efficiency stemming from light gear is one factor the rule-makers cannot equalize with a computer. Nor can they analyze the ability to read the heavens and to keep a boat moving proven by Ash Bown's record of two firsts, a second and a fourth in four Acapulco races. END

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THE POET AND THE BOXER

PREFACE BY ROBERT CANTWELL

When the eminent French poet Jean Cocteau died last October at the age of 74, his obituaries noted that he had followed an astounding number of part-time careers as well—novelist, plays-right, choreographer, film director, critic and artist. But Cocteau's journalistic biographers overlooked the most bizarre of his avocations: he was once the successful manager of a world champion prizefighter.

The fighter was Alphonse Theo Brown, better known as Panama Al Brown, born in Panama in 1902, a lean, spindly-legged, thin-waisted boxer who won the bantamweight title when he was 26 years old. With a scrupulous exactitude that was rare for him—he was one of the most tireless name-droppers in the history of literature—Cocteau insisted that he

was not Brown's manager in a professional sense, that there was no contract or financial arrangement between them. But, in fact, Cocteau got to know Brown when he was down on his luck, persuaded him to train, selected opponents for him, directed a masterly publicity campaign on Brown's behalf and guided and goaded Brown back to the championship. Nor is the sporting significance of this feat to be underrated. Unlike America, where the heavyweight class has long dominated public interest—even as it does this very week—Europe has always revered the smaller fighters, from the middleweights down. A flashy Al Brown could be, and was, the talk of Paris.

No professional manager could have done a better job

continued





Jeon Cortesi
"Panama" al Brown



Al Brown's victory at
the Paléo des Sports
March 1953



than Cocteau did with Brown, and probably no one in boxing history ever had less preparation for it. The spoiled son of a well-to-do lawyer in Maisons-Laffitte, Cocteau published his first poems at 17, ran away from home and remained a highly successful infant prodigy for the next 50 years. Thin, elegant, nervous, with hollow cheeks, dilated eyes and agitated gestures, he fitted into the advanced artistic circles in Paris as if they had been created especially for him. He was a leader in every modern art movement from Dada to surrealism, an early collaborator with such innovators as Igor Stravinsky, Pablo Picasso and Sergei Diaghilev, and the author of odd, elliptical little novels and plays that were principally distinguished by the author's obvious striving for originality. A resolute nonconformist bent on shocking the public in everything he did, Cocteau posed as the thinking man's junkie when he took up opium. Then, when he kicked the habit, he wrote a book about it that made the experience seem only a shade less important than the French Revolution.

Yet he was a daredevil experimenter, with a boldness and wit that made him an important cultural influence. "If the reader has been baffled by the sudden interest of intellectuals in the circus, the music hall and prizefighting," said the *New York Sun* in 1930, "he will find the most plausible explanation in the gyrations of Jean Cocteau." Gyrations they may have been, but gyrations that had an effect on boxing as well as culture.

Panama Al Brown was a much simpler personality. He was just an exceedingly able fighter, the winner of 124 of his 156 officially recorded bouts in a career that lasted 25 years. He was, as the *London Times* observed of him, "a bantamweight 71 inches tall, yet by some miracle of physique, perfectly proportioned." Able to outreach all his foes, he made use of a snappy, tantalizing jab and marvelous footwork, unsettling his opponents to desperation and recklessness, and then finishing them off with effortless mastery in the late rounds. But when pushed to it, he could and would hammer out a victory in bludgeon style.

This is the fighter Cocteau managed for two years. In a recent book, *Monstres Sacrés du Ring*, the veteran French boxing authority Georges Peeters elucidated the rare and mysterious story of Cocteau's influence on Brown's career. The following pages, drawn from that work, throw an incandescent light on some murky episodes in boxing history—and in the process illuminate some little-known aspects of the self-consciously avant-garde art world of Paris.

CONTINUED

HOW COCTEAU MANAGED A CHAMPION

BY MICHAEL HARRIS

The story of Panama Al Brown and Jean Cocteau properly begins in the Spanish city of Valencia at a fight that Cocteau never saw. Brown, the world bantamweight champion, was risking his title against a familiar ring figure of that era, Balthasar Sangchilli, a Spaniard. It was the last week of May 1935, and I can still vividly remember flying to Valencia just a few days before the fight and meeting Brown at the Hotel Regina. He received me gaily and announced that he had organized a party that evening to tour the cabarets of the town. "You're going to hear the best flamenco singers in the whole of Spain," he said to me. He was not at all worried about Sangchilli, and we embarked on a memorable evening. At every cabaret I noticed his manager continually filling Al's glass and, for the first time, I saw Brown get drunk. He was in a happy mood, dancing, taking over the drums in the band, then coming back to drink and listen to the flamenco singers. It was 6 in the morning when we got back to the hotel, even though this was only two days before he was to defend his title.

The fight was the first world championship ever held in this capital of Spain's easternmost province. In the streets, in the cafes, on the quaysides, there was talk of nothing but Sangchilli-Brown. The streetcars were entirely covered with posters about it. Lottery ticket sellers, florists and beggars were all peddling seats.

On the morning of Sunday, May 26, great gray clouds were robbing the face of Valencia of its lovely golden color, and it was raining by 11 a.m., when the two champions arrived for the weigh-in at the offices of the boxing federation. Sangchilli was the first to get on the scale. He weighed 116. I noticed that Brown, usually calm before his fights, was tense and nervous. He mounted the scale in his turn and registered 119, which was a pound more than the limit for a bantamweight. It was obvious that Brown was surprised. On the scale at the hotel he had been well within the limit. We learned later that the hotel scale was wrong. The referee declared that Brown had four hours in which to make the required weight. He was led away to a steam bath, did a lot of walking, and at 1:30 p.m. his weight was 117, but he seemed even more nervous and, worse, he seemed weak. It was most fortunate, then, that the rain continued, forcing a postponement of the fight until the following Saturday.

Yet Brown had no use for fortune's favors. That very

night he was back in the cabarets, and not once in the next six days did he get to bed before 5 o'clock in the morning. When Saturday came the second weigh-in went much like the first, and Brown had to go back to the steam bath. By the time he got into the ring at the Valencia arena on Saturday evening, Panama Al Brown was unrecognizable. His eyes were hollow, his skin looked gray and his features were terribly drawn. As for Sangchilli, he was greeted by his countrymen with an ovation lasting nearly two minutes. Even before the first gong sounded, those who knew Brown were aware that they were going to be present at his crushing defeat. Time and again he had disposed of adversaries with the slackness of a conjurer making plaster eggs and bowls of goldfish disappear up his sleeve. But we were going to witness the end of the conjurer. He was a mere shadow of himself. His arms hung heavily, his every gesture betrayed physical distress.

The fight began, and round followed round to Sangchilli's advantage. After the 14th Brown returned to his corner weeping. He realized that he was losing everything—his title, his fortune, everything. Minutes later the referee lifted Balthasar Sangchilli's arm, naming him the new world bantamweight champion. In the dressing room Brown fell down in a faint. When I went to say goodby to him there he eventually was able to shake my hand. And then he said, "I think I've been poisoned. . . ."

Brown, convinced that his title had been taken from him by treachery, returned to Paris and the haunts of Montmartre. And there one night in the Caprice Vieuxmou he first met Jean Cocteau. The more Cocteau talked to Brown, the more intrigued he got with an improbable idea: he, Cocteau, would bring Brown back to the championship. Even more improbable, Cocteau convinced Brown it could be done. By now it had been two years since Brown had fought. He had, instead, been living the night life of Montmartre. Brown had to go into a clinic to be disintoxicated, and he stayed there a month. Then he went off to train in the little town of Aubigny, some 110 miles from Paris.

About this time the French promoter, Jeff Dickson, received a letter from the Spanish Boxing Federation. It informed him that Balthasar Sangchilli was still recognized by the International Boxing Union as the world bantamweight champion, but said he was in difficulties in Cuba, having been let down by his managers and left without a match. The director of the federation asked Dickson if he could do anything for the Spanish fighter. The promoter, aware of the plans Al Brown was making for a comeback, immediately had the idea of arranging a rematch of the Valencia fight. It was agreed that Brown and Sangchilli should have three or four trial fights before meeting for the title.

Brown had installed himself at the Aubigny training camp in the first days of June 1937. He was to make his comeback at the beginning of September. For three months he led a life far more austere than he would have liked. But

he had to regain form, that demanding lady who does not forgive the slightest fall from grace. Jean Cocteau often came to Aubigny to encourage his friend, but no one in sporting circles believed that a poet could give a boxer back his confidence. It was thought that Brown would win a few victories over adversaries who were no more than his equals but that the Valencia revenge would not take place. Brown took no notice of the forecasts. He trained every day and went to bed early. He gradually got back his hand and that most necessary asset, his timing.

On Sept. 9 Al Brown climbed into the ring at the Salle Wagram, where he had made his French debut 11 years before. A featherweight, André Régis, was the onetime champion's opponent, and the bout marked the reopening of the boxing season. Brown looked depressed and anxious, and one felt he had his heart in his mouth. The applause, the vicious whistling from the gallery, the raucous shouting of the already wrought-up crowd—all these forgotten noises sounded strangely in his ears. Then he took off his dressing gown and revealed his smooth chest, slim hips without an ounce of fat and long legs—those precious, slender legs with the bandaged ankles. The bantamweight phenomenon from Panama had returned.

The fight lasted only a minute, but during those 60 seconds there was ample time to savor the intelligence, the cunning, the spontaneity of Brown's boxing. A fortnight later Brown fought Maurice Huguenin and beat him by a K.O. in the third round. He again dominated his adversary with ease. The hardest battle of the night was fought outdoors, where 500 people were waiting in the Avenue de Wagram for the result. Then it was on to Geneva, where Francis Angier lasted only two rounds, and, after that, impressive wins over Poppi Decio and Young Perez. Sangchilli, meanwhile, had also been getting ready. The return match for the world title was fixed for the 4th of March at the Palais des Sports in Paris. During the last weeks before the championship fight Brown had somewhat returned to his usual training regimen, which no boxer but he could possibly have withstood. He was smoking more than 10 cigarettes a day and drinking several glasses of champagne, as well as having claret with his meals. He was also staying up late. But this time it did not seem to matter.

Jean Cocteau, who had just finished writing *Les Parents Terribles*, returned to Paris on the eve of the match and was able to witness, not without amusement, the influence he had exerted on the sporting journalists who were doing articles before the title fight. Brown, for example, was less frequently the "black wonder" and more often the "ew-jaw terrible," and many of the newspaper stories read as though they had slipped out of a Cocteau novel. But on the day of the match it was Cocteau himself who brought out an article in *L'Étalon* on the world championship. Cocteau wrote: "The fight to which Jeff Dickson is inviting us at the Palais des Sports lies strangely outside our experience of an ordinary boxing meeting. Al Brown, in fact, after

having once given up boxing and having now come back to the ring, finds himself tonight in the presence of a personal enemy, the fighter to whom he owes his downfall and the loss of his title.

"Al Brown has been born: the shadow of himself. The 'black wonder,' as the journalists sometimes call him, is a fragile creature, slim, almost frail, and with the nobility of an acorn. When I met him he seemed dead to me, poisoned during his stay in Valencia and halted in his course. It was his ghost I saw jump the ropes, his ghost that languished in

AWAKE TO THE AUDIENCE

I love boxing. That is why I once persuaded Al Brown to take a fresh plunge into this poetry of action, into these mysterious conformations that were the glory of his youth. I took an interest in the destiny of this boxer because for me he was a kind of poet, a kind of mime or mageau who brought to the ring the perfect expression of one of the human enigmas: the marvel of presence. Al was a poem in black ink, a poem to spiritual strength in its victory over mere physical force. A poet wished a boxer to become world champion again and, when the victory of intelligence over strength had been established, I advised Al Brown to leave the ring. The enterprise was accomplished, and the final word of the poet was to be the final blow of the fighter, the fighter who had displayed, during the course of his career, such a multiplicity of talents and shown the world the spectacle of his fragile strength and cobra-like dance.

It is for you, dear Georges Peeters, to fill in the period between the total defeat in Valencia and the resurrection at the Palais des Sports, and to describe the gestures, feints, traps, tricks, science and hypnotic power of the Panamanian, Al Brown.

Jean Cocteau

Montmartre, and his ghost that I decided to persuade, despite its reluctance, to continue the work of Brown in flesh and bone.

"It was the incredulity of the crowd and of the profession that had to be overcome. He had to believe a poet, unversed in the field, and he had to advance from match to match and from K.O. to K.O. until he stood again face to face with Balhasar Sangchilli, the winner of that atrocious duel in Valencia where Brown abandoned the title of world champion, abandoned his fortune and abandoned boxing.

"Disgust and an enormous rebellion took the place of a first reflex of anger. I repeat, he had died.

"But an Al Brown does not die like a page in the court of Catherine de Medici. His race gives him an almost plant-like resistance. His ghost, his shadow, survive him. It is this shadow that I respect, that I am helping and that I now have the luck to see achieving its aim. Shall I lead Al Brown

continued

right to the goal? I believe I am not the only one to wish it with all my heart."

Al Brown will win before the final round, or he will be beaten on points—this was the double-edged prognosis of the sporting journalists. It did in fact seem impossible that the boxer from Panama could hold up through the classic 15-round length of the world championship contest. It had already been noticed that at the end of the 10th round of his match against Decio he had seemed somewhat out of breath. Sangchilli had therefore to play a waiting game, and Brown to force himself to terminate it at the earliest possible moment. This was what the experts foresaw.

During the preliminary fights at the Palais des Sports that night more of a show was taking place outside of the ring than in it. All of Al Brown's Montmartre friends were there. The actors Roland Toutain and Jean Marais were sitting on either side of Cocteau. Around the ring were to be seen many other celebrities—Raimu, Jean Gabin, Tino Rossi, Akcever, and Paul Azais—a marvelous blending of arts and artists. They all wanted to be present at the most extraordinary comeback in the annals of boxing.

In his dressing room Brown tore open the last telegrams from well-wishers, tucked away a small devotional medalion and left for ringside. He seemed to be in a state of high tension. He did not appear to see his friends who surrounded him, shouting, "Good luck!" He heard nothing. He was dressed in a beige flannel shirt, dark-blue velvet shorts and a white cap. After he climbed over the ropes and took his place in the center of the ring he removed his cap and waved to the public. And for the first time he may have suddenly felt that the heart of the public was beating for him, that the crowd understood the redoubtable ordeal he was about to undergo, he the aging fighter confronting a still-young adversary.

The moment the Negro left his corner, it was clear to the noisy crowd of 20,000 what Sangchilli's tactics were going to be. The Spaniard, faced with a height and reach disadvantage, had decided to play hedgehog. With head low, chin behind his gloves and forearms over his stomach, Sangchilli was covered in such a way that he would not be open to any blow from the right. Brown adopted the only possible measure, which was one he knew well. He kept his distance and began to hit with straight lefts. Preoccupied with watching Brown's feared right, Sangchilli was unable to avoid these straight blows. Moreover, he did nothing to stave them off. He did not want to take any risks. Once, right at the beginning of the fight, he rushed briskly into the attack, but by a slight step to one side Brown avoided his path and Sangchilli, head down and carried along by his own impetus, was thrown into the ropes. Thinking confidently that he could do nothing but wait for some miscalculation on his opponent's part, Sangchilli kept himself in cautious reserve. Only one man in the ring was accumulating points. Al Brown registered 17 straight lefts in the course of the third round alone.

By the seventh round the Panamanian fighter was absolutely sensational. For three minutes he went hell-for-leather at his opponent, who was completely overwhelmed. The challenger increased his advantage still more up to the end of the 11th round. He had then, according to the score of the competent critics, such an advantage on points that he could not be beaten, except, of course, by a knockout. But the experts were still wondering anxiously whether Brown could hold up to the end.

And then the drama came.

The 12th round was an even one. Brown had reduced his speed considerably, leaving Sangchilli the chance to come nearer and gain a few seconds' respite with some infighting. The Spaniard now decided that he could open up against a tiring opponent. The fury that had been raging within Sangchilli during 35 minutes of impotence suddenly broke loose, and he pelted Brown with terrible force.

During the course of the 13th round Brown could do nothing but hang on, and by the time he reached his corner his legs were giving way under him. He had seemed to age 10 years.

In the 14th round, Brown received a blow that cut the arch of his eyebrow. His face was soon streaming with blood. Exhausted, he held himself up only by a miracle, but he still had the will power to finish the round.

But last round seemed interminable. Brown was paralyzing his opponent by hanging on to him, and the referee had to intervene every second to separate the two antagonists as their bodies intertwined. The last gong was the saving of Brown and of all his friends, who were in an agony of apprehension. The announcer collected the notes of the judges and the referee, the decision was read and Brown's arm was raised in victory. He was carried in triumph to his dressing room, where a secretary of the Panamanian delegation presented him with the highest medal conferred by that country. Al Brown was once again champion of the world. Cocteau had succeeded in bringing him back to his title. But what were the poet and the boxer to do now? Within a fortnight Cocteau had made a decision. He wrote an open letter to Brown, which was published in an evening paper:

My dear Al,

You must stop boxing, believe me. Those in the profession will tell you to keep it up and to go on making conquests. They are wrong. Neither your age nor your way of life permits it. You promised me to regain your title and I promised to help you to the end of this astonishing undertaking. This is now done. Leave boxing. You hate it. You wanted to see justice done. The public has proved it loves you, and it places you in a class by yourself. Make the most of your triumph. Do not amuse those stars who drag things out and keep holding

on. After the miracle of this revenge, give the world the example of a man who yields place to the young. Of course, I shall be alone in giving you this advice, but I can give it to you dispassionately, because I have played my part and any future failure by you would not redound upon me.

The conquest of other rivals could add nothing to your honors. Those who envy you or think they have some quarrel with you will deny your successes, however brilliant. They will insult the judges. They will use words like "hearse" for the shoulders that carry you in triumph, "weakness" for that elegance of mind which prevents you from striking an enemy who is thrown off balance or leaves himself uncovered, "arrogance" for your calm and "flight" for your cunning. On the other hand, the public that loves you can learn nothing more after those 11 rounds in which you heaped ruse upon ruse on your enemy. Refuse to fight. Give up the ring. Tour the world with an act that will enable everyone to witness the sight of your fragile strength. I repeat: take a look at the aging stars, the ruins on the posters covering our walls. Try something new. After one surprise, give us another. Take a managerial bow. "Ladies and gentlemen, I want to live. I have proved what had to be proved. Over to others. My title was snatched from me. I came back to retrieve it from the pocket of the man who snatched it from me. I bequeath it to whoever may prove worthy of it." Offer us this extraordinary theatrical gesture: a poet wanted a boxer to become world champion again. Once this was achieved, the undertaking was at an end.

I ask it of you, I recommend it to you. No one ever agrees to get out at the right moment. Be wise. Don't do as others do. Get out. This is my last piece of advice.

Jean Cocteau

Al Brown asked for 48 hours to think, and then the champion's reply was published:

My dear Jean,

I shall fight my last match on April 13 at the Palais des Sports against Valentine Angelmann. I had asked 48 hours to think it over. I have thought it over. I have remembered the 23 world championships which figure in my record as a boxer.

For more than 15 years I have been fighting in rings throughout the world. In 1923 I won my first title, becoming amateur champion of Panama. In 1938 I regained the title of world champion which had been taken from me in Valencia. For 15 years I have had to lead a life that agrees neither with my temperament nor with my tastes.

My dear Jean Cocteau, you are a true friend. You are right. I must leave the ring. I have no desire to follow the example of the old champions who hang on to their titles. How many times have I read in sporting journals, "Make way for the young. We must bring

new life into the ranks." Well, I want to follow this advice.

I have given everything to boxing, and boxing has given me everything. We are quits. I am now an old boxer, but I am still a young man. I want to leave the memory of a world champion who knew how to choose his own moment for retirement, who knew how to get out leaving an unspoiled name to the sporting world.

On the evening of April 13 I shall leave the ring. I shall salute the public and I shall vault the ropes for the last time.

My second life will begin.

Al Brown

The whole of Paris seemed to be at the Palais des Sports on the night of April 13, not only to see the promised last fight of Al Brown, but to look for evidence of the struggle that was widely believed to be on between Jean Cocteau and the promoter, Jeff Dickson. There were, in fact, absolutely no grounds for this belief. Certain newspapers were declaring that Cocteau had given Brown advice which was, to say the least, premature, when he urged the fighter to quit. What no one knew was that it was Al Brown himself who had asked Cocteau to address the now famous and hotly discussed open letter to him. The truth was that Brown no longer liked boxing. His heart was no longer in it. He was still a champion, but no longer a fighter.

His attitude showed the night he bottled Angelmann for seven long—and almost even—rounds. But under the smoldering embers of the fight, Brown was guarding a last spark. Between the seventh and eighth rounds Al asked his second to give him a drink of champagne. [Cocteau said later that he had recommended this as a trick. It was not champagne in the bottle.] Brown drank out of the bottle, wiped away the soft, white foam from his lips and was on his feet before the gong sounded. "Now I'll knock him out," he said. Seconds later, as Angelmann was hurling himself into the attack, Brown shot out a right-hand counterpunch. The single short blow dropped Angelmann to his knees, and the fight was over.

The punch should have been the signature at the end of Al Brown's boxing life. Paris thought it was. Géo London, who did an account of the fight for *Le Journal*, had observed both Brown and his poet-manager.

"Al Brown fought with an almost unearthly vitality," wrote London, "a fight which could have been a sad one, since it came under the heading 'Burial of a Boxer.' The mourning was led, without tears, by M. Jean Cocteau.

"We know with what happy audacity the poet was able to say to Al Brown, broken and hopeless after his cruel defeat in Valencia, 'Boxer, take up the gloves again and give us some fights.' Thanks to this, Al Brown, like the phoenix rising up out of his ashes, has experienced a short-lived revival of his glory—short-lived but certain.

"It was M. Cocteau who impressed upon Al Brown again

continued

that the hour of his final retreat was sounded. It was natural, therefore, that M. Jean Cocteau should occupy the seat of honor at the Palais des Sports. He appeared during the Rahuk-Cerdan match, which preceded the great encounter. He was with M. Jean Marais, who played Merlin the magician in Cocteau's latest play, *Les Chevaliers de la Table Ronde*.

"With his chin supported on his two long, pale hands and tapering fingers, Jean Cocteau followed the fight in a sort of ecstacy. From time to time the hands would come together in brief applause, crisp and energetic. Gre had the feeling that everything about Al Brown delighted the poet: his swinging punches and his balletic footwork.

"To some of the spectators the struggle between the sleeky jaguar and the small, rusty bull might have seemed rather long for the first seven rounds—a bit monotonous and sometimes disappointing. But Jean Cocteau had no doubt that his friend Al Brown would win. So you can imagine his enthusiasm at the stunning K.O. in the eighth round, which proved Cocteau right and unleashed universal adoration. Placing on his head a minute reddish-brown hat, Cocteau wedged his way through the crowd, followed by Merlin the magician and a crowd of frantic youngsters, to go and crown with its last laurels the black head of the champion who had just died, as a champion must die, apothecized and beautiful."

But if Al Brown's return to the top was, in a sense, poetic justice, a great poetic injustice was to follow. The world does not let a boxer die while a king. Hear, then, the headlines in the Paris press: AL BROWN QUITS IN TOP FORM, AL BROWN CANNOT LEAVE THE RING AFTER SUCH A DAZZLING SUCCESS, AL BROWN MUST DEFEND HIS TITLE.

Cocteau's advice to Brown unleashed a whirlwind of passion. Paris was divided into two camps. One, determined to preserve this money-maker, considered that Brown was wrong to abandon boxing; the other, which included those who had appreciated the unenthusiastic and disillusioned air of the champion during the Angelmann fight, approved Brown's decision. Jeff Dickson, for his part, declared he could convince Al Brown to fight again, that he had engaged the well-known British boxer Peter Kane, and that such a match would bring in a million francs. Former champions declared that Brown could not quit "like that" and the Angelmann fight referee himself, when interviewed, made a similar statement.

Advised on the one hand and lectured on the other, Brown was wavering. "If Jeff Dickson offers me 150,000 francs to meet Peter Kane, I shall accept," he declared. At the same time, Cocteau was helping Brown organize a circus act that would launch the fighter into a new career. Cocteau got Brown an engagement with the Cirque Médrano for more money than he had made in the Angelmann fight. In a single day a group of jazz musicians was found to accompany Brown, and Cocteau devised an act. He arranged everything—the lighting, the entrances, the original

dance routines. He invented a shadowboxing dance and worked into Brown's act an image of Antigone. Behind a rope—an evocation of the boxing ring—the fighter danced and then, taking the rope, executed a series of rhythmic leaps, accompanied by castanets and jazz music. This dance, which brought the act to an end, recalled the gestures of the champion in training. The act was a great success, and Brown proved he could be a star in another profession.

On the day after the debut of Al Brown, the newspaper campaign for the return of the champion to the boxing ring started up again.

Henri Desgrange, the publisher of *L'Auto*, devoted one of his famous editorials to it. Addressing himself to Jean Cocteau and heading his article *What is he meddling with?* he wrote, in part:

"We sportsmen would like to know why this M. Cocteau, for whom I may say we have all due literary respect, should choose to deprive us from now on of the fighter, Al Brown. It is true that it was he who brought him back to us, but how can we be grateful to him for this restoration if it is to deprive us of Al Brown for good? If M. Cocteau is taking upon himself this coming and going of the black boxer the role of director of his conscience—and of his muscles—it must be agreed that he is bringing an excessive influence to bear on the situation.

"Does he want to depress us all, deprive us of the extraordinary sights Al Brown has to offer us? Would it not have been better to leave Brown to his bottles of champagne?

"And then again, Monsieur Cocteau, don't you think that we, all of us, have rights as far as this boxer is concerned? Since when have you taken him under your wing? This makes 13 years now, monsieur, that he has belonged to us. For 13 years we have admired him, because he dazzles us and because he seems to us to be the perfect representative of boxing itself. Why do you want to take him away from us? Do you really think the best thing for him now is tilting his elbow? Let me tell you that his sole true interest is to go on boxing for a long time.

"Come, now, give him back to us, monsieur! Right? Agreed? You'll let us have him, eh, Monsieur Cocteau?"

The same morning on which the article by Henri Desgrange was published Jean Cocteau gave me the reply he had prepared, and asked me to pass it on to Desgrange. *L'Auto* published next day the following letter:

Dear Sir:

It was easy to laugh when I claimed that Al Brown could regain his title. It is easy to laugh now that I am advising him to give up the ring.

Here are the facts. My advice was not an order. Al Brown does not have to take orders from anyone. I brought him back to the ring and, if he stays, I shall be the first to cheer and pay for my seat. The poet's role leaves off where reality begins. Reality restores the specialists. Those who guess must how to those who know.

The essential thing is to know whether Brown agrees to continue with the hard life of a boxer. If not, then he has to make a living. He can always find, with my modest intervention, a means of displaying to the public the phenomenon he would cease to be were he to commit a single error in the ring.

Al is quite free. It is up to him and the boxing world whether he preserves his title as a symbol or as a career. I decided only to get him back for you. Then I advised him to quit, because he wanted to quit.

I supported him. Yes support him, too. I am stepping aside. Let each take his turn.

Jean Cocteau

Each did take his turn, though Cocteau knew Brown better than all the boxing experts. He may have been guessing, but he got nearer the truth than those who thought they knew. For the first time since the Greeks, a poet and an athlete had followed the same road—and the people had not understood. So the circle of the boxing ring closed in on Al Brown, but it was no longer a charmed circle. The poet had disappeared.

For a time, however, Brown followed Cocteau's advice. He signed a six-month contract with the Amar circus, and under the vast construction of canvas and poles that had to be assembled and dismantled each day he took his place among the traveling folk. He became the great star of the circus. He bowed his own shadow and revealed the mysteries of his art to the public—his feats and the other techniques that made up his boxing skill.

When his contract with the brothers Amar ran out, friends advised Brown to leave France, where rumors of war were becoming more and more alarming. Brown followed their prudent suggestion and sailed for America at the beginning of 1939. He disembarked in New York, and settled in Harlem, where he tried without success to find an engagement in a nightclub for the act that had met with such success in the circus ring. And then some short telegrams from agent to agent were soon to reveal, in a few words, that Panama Al Brown had, in the end, not followed the counsels of Jean Cocteau. Perhaps he truly tried. Perhaps no club would book his act. Perhaps he had no choice but to return to boxing. Perhaps.

We soon got word in Paris that Brown was fighting and winning again, knocking out such second-raters as Christobal Jaramillo and Mariano Arilla.

Then came the war.

In June 1946, as a special representative for two big newspapers, *L'Équipe* (formerly *L'Aurore*) and an evening paper, I left for the U.S., where I had not been since 1937.

The first person I visited was Lew Burston, the boxing promoter, whom I found in his little office in Madison Square Garden. I asked him for news of Al Brown, but he

did not know what had been happening during the past two years. Nat Flersher's *Ring Record Book* simply informed us that Brown had fought eight contests in Panama City, in 1941 and 1942. He had scored four K.O. victories, won one decision and lost two fights on points, and nearly two months after his 40th birthday he had managed a draw in 15 rounds against Leocadio Torres in a contest for the featherweight championship of Panama—of Panama, not the world.

The last match of his life was fought on January 25, 1944 in Panama City. Now 41, he was knocked out in the fifth round by Chaiky Wright. That was all I found.

In March 1950 I was once again in New York. Lew Burston telephoned me at the Waldorf very early in the morning. He said he had arranged a meeting for me with Al Brown, who was expecting me that very evening at 10 o'clock at Small's Paradise in Harlem. So now I was to see the poet's fighter once more.

When I got there, Brown had not arrived. Small's Paradise was a curious establishment divided into three parts—bar, restaurant and nightclub. Mr. Small, the manager, greeted me with a huge smile as I came in.

"I have reserved a table downstairs for you," he said. "You can see part of the show while you are waiting."

On a very narrow stage singers with strange voices took turns with nimble dancers clacking castanets. Thinking of Brown, I was already concerned at the setting, for I knew he was poor and did not eat every day. And then he was there, wearing a dark blue tuxedo and an immaculate shirt. He sat down, and in that still rather husky voice of his, as if we had left each other only the week before, he said, "Do you remember that night in Tunis when I told you the story of my youth and my boxing debut in Panama? And the Hotel Regina in Valencia? What a long time ago that all is! Now I'm an old man. I'm nearly 48 [for the first time since we had known each other, Brown was admitting to his age]. Ah, if I could only get back to Paris and see my friends. Life is too hard for me here."

I knew what Al Brown was doing. George Gainford, Ray Robinson's manager, had told me. Brown was a sparing partner for second-rate boxers in a Harlem gymnasium. He earned a dollar a round, and sometimes left the hall staggering and dazed under blows he had received.

Poor Al! He was sitting up straight again, thinking of himself in Paris. "If I could find the money for the journey!" he went on. "But I have practically nothing. I've sold all my clothes, I've only kept three suits and this tuxedo that I wore at the *Bal des Petits Lits Blancs* in 1938. Paris seems so far away now." He told me about breaking his right hand in the Torres fight, about opening a bar and going bankrupt because he would not bother to collect when customers drank on credit ("I was not cut out for that kind of life"), about teaching in a government physical education school ("I was not cut out for that kind of life"), about coming to New York and working on a freighter

"So there you are," said Al finally. "You know all about me and there is nothing more I can tell you." Mr. Small came and offered us a last round of Scotch, but Al was right. Tunis, Valencia, Paris, Harlem—and now nothing more to tell.

Thirteen months later Al Brown died of tuberculosis in New York's Sea View Hospital. He had fainted and fallen down on 42nd Street. A policeman had picked him up and,

thinking he was drunk, had taken him to the station. When he did not regain consciousness an ambulance was called and he was taken to Bellevue. Lew Burston heard of Brown's illness. With the help of some sportswriters and friends, he got Brown moved to Sea View.

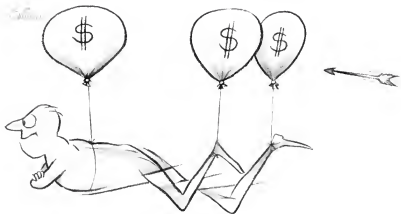
Brown believed, right up to the last moment, that he would be able to come back to Paris. One of the great French weeklies had, in fact, thought of organizing a fund drive to pay for his journey. But the subscription was still not initiated when Brown died on April 11, 1951. Cocteau, hearing of Brown's illness, had rushed a tape recording to him in which the poet talked of their days together. Brown listened to the tape the day he died.

As soon as the death of the onetime champion became known, Nat Flerisher and Lew Burston went to Sea View and told the director of the clinic that they wanted to bear the expenses of the funeral, which was fixed for the 14th of April. But that evening three Negroes turned up at the funeral home with a van. They said they were friends of Alphonse Theo Brown and that they wanted to take away the body.

No objections were raised, and they left with the white pine-wood coffin. For two nights the friends, with the coffin on board their van, went the rounds of Harlem, collecting money for a huge funeral. Even when he was dead, Al Brown was not to get the dignified retreat from notoriety that Jean Cocteau tried to lead him to 13 years before.

When Lew Burston told me about the funeral, it conjured up an image in my mind of Harlem and the procession following that van, with Al Brown's coffin swinging about on it; of Harlem, the proud, the naïve, the shameless, the pious; of Harlem, where they carried the dead champion about that night; of Harlem, the black city prying and weeping on the way to that burial pageant. And, finally, it conjured up the image I most wanted to recall—lean, lithe Al Brown, flicking his left again and again to the head of Balzac Sanghvi on that fantastic night in Paris, while his adviser, manager and friend, Jean Cocteau, shouted his support and admiration. **END**





Possibly. But suppose you want to buy a new car or move into a new house. Or you have a chance to buy a boat at a good price. Or it's time to send the kids to college. The only way a salary increase could help raise the cash for expenditures like these would be to put it into a long-range savings plan and wait. Maybe for years.

If you're like most of us, the immediate answer lies in *borrowed* money. But from whom? And where? Does any financial institution know you well enough to lend you that kind of money at long-term, easily-payable rates? Low rates?



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Service" banks charge a low rate of interest. That's even more important.

Taking advantage of this one-source service is as easy as it is convenient. Most "money-wise" people go about it something like this:

1. Pick a "Full Service" bank near your home or work.
2. Give it all of your banking business. This includes your checking account and your savings account.
3. Get to know at least one of the bankers. When you need some extra money, borrow it from him instead of taking it from your savings or waiting for a raise. (This keeps your emergency savings intact and delights the banker no end.)

Get to know a banker before you need him

Then, whether you get that salary increase or not, you have an immediate source of credit when you're ready to borrow for that new house

or other important project, and a ready advisor when you need some long-range financial counsel.



There's nothing magic about it. All it takes is concentrating all your money matters in one "Full Service" bank and getting yourself known by the people there. When should you get started? The best time to get started with a banker is *before* you need him. Like right now.



Your Full Service Commercial Bank

A "Full Service" bank is the only financial institution offering checking and savings accounts, as well as all types of loan-out loans. Your bank is probably a "Full Service" bank. If it offers checking accounts, it is.

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If you don't, stomp off.

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Be a real pain in the neck.

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Right there. On the label.

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by JOHN LOVESEY

The most durable—and the most distinctive—guns in the world are created by Purdey of London

Sitting sedately on South Audley Street in the heart of London's Mayfair is the headquarters of James Purdey & Sons, Ltd. At first glance the shop might be taken for the lobby of a hunting lodge. Against a pillar stands a big varnished box packed with shooting cases. On a wall is the head of a buffalo. In a small glass counter, displayed like fine jewelry, are several handsomely engraved guns. They are Purdeys, the most distinctive firearms in the world. In the 150-year history of the company, 27,324 Purdeys have been created—each with the precision of a Swiss watch—and about half are still in use today.

The Purdey firm has been an institution among sportsmen since the reign of George III. Its founder, James Purdey, was a London gunmaker's son with a rare talent for the craft of his father. By 1814 he had earned a reputation for unsurpassed meticulousness among Britain's sporting gentry and, with it, the means to set up shop on his own. In so doing, James Purdey became perhaps the first of his trade to put gunmaking almost entirely under one roof where he could control the production and quality of every part from the first step to the last. His son James (he was called James the Younger) continued the work.

The progress of Purdey & Sons was rapid in the 1870s and 1880s as the firm developed various forms of hammerless guns and, finally, a self-opening action,

considered by many shooters the most reliable in existence.

"Method is everything in action and thought," wrote the younger Purdey in describing his personal and professional ideals. A monolith of Victorian respectability, he had an astute eye for horses, an ear for music, a fine voice and a clever nose for the right associations. Monocked and extravagantly mustached, he was an original member of the Constitutional and belonged to the Royal London Yacht Club.

At Purdey's death, the business passed to sons Athol and Cecil and, in turn, to Athol's sons, Tom and Jim, who ran the firm until some nine years ago.

Like many other English institutions trying to survive the changes of time, Purdey's has produced the person to tackle the task. The present managing director, Harry Lawrence, has been with the firm since the age of 14, and he still occasionally dons an overall to check on actual gunmaking. In the 1930s he improved Purdey's single-trigger action, an innovation that remains one of the best in the industry.

As quick off the mark as a man after grouse, 64-year-old Harry Lawrence can also be as gentle with his hands as a woman washing bone china. For King George V's silver jubilee, he made a pair of working models of the monarch's 12-bore Purdeys. They weighed only 13 drams each, and the barrels measured a fraction under five inches. When fired, they expelled 202 grains of dust shot, about enough to massacre a mouse. Tom Purdey thought so much of Lawrence that he tried unsuccessfully to persuade him to change his name to Purdey.

Before a Purdey gun is built, measurements are taken of the buyer that include everything from a comfortable trigger length to the strength of each eye, width of shoulders and height of the eyes from them. If the buyer is in England, Purdey prefers to take measurements at his shooting grounds outside London where coaches observe customers in action.

Anyone who orders a Purdey has to be patient about delivery. The firm's 50 craftsmen have been working overtime for the last 15 years, and the waiting period is still about 24 months. At least 600 hours go into making a typical Purdey. When finished, the gun should outlast its owner and probably his children and his grandchildren. "Purdey guns," says Lawrence, "embody the senti-

ment of constantly striving for an ideal."

Lawrence personally selects wood for the stocks from the Dordogne region of France, where the walnut is noted for its fine color and grain. Each block costs about \$45 in France, and is aged five years before being used.

Barrels come rough-forged from a large English steel company. For the working mechanism, forgings are done by a two-man subsidiary in the market town of Droitwich, Worcestershire. Handwork is done at Purdey's Paddington factory at Irongate Wharf alongside a London canal basin. Like a jackdaw's secret hoard, myriad chisels, hammers and files lie on benches.

A Purdey gun is built by a team composed of a barrelmaker, an actioner, an ejector man, the stocker, the polisher, an engraver and a man known as the finisher, who fits the pieces together and gives the woodwork its glowing gloss. The last process alone takes three weeks and is done entirely by bare hand. Every member of the team initials his part of the production with the same pride as an artist might a masterpiece.

Purdey's craftsmen serve an apprenticeship of six years, and there is no shortage of applicants. Once in, they rarely leave.

Like all British firearms, Purdey guns have to pass two strict proofing tests. The proofmark on a British gun barrel is as necessary as the hallmark on a piece of gold or silver, and no gun can be sold or offered for sale in Britain or exported from the country without it. After factory tests, a Purdey must also pass tests on the shooting grounds.

In a year, Purdey's produces 150 new guns, although there is a continual flow of work involving the fitting of new barrels and stocks, overhauls and repairs. A simple Purdey may cost \$1,540. With extras such as a pistol grip, ventilated rib, engravings of acorns and oak leaves, dogs and birds (or, as one man suggested, portraits of his wife and himself), the cost of excellence is considerably higher.

A third of the firm's business is with Americans, and many are as faithful as Purdey's old British clients about keeping in touch. Mementos, notes, reports and even an occasional trophy pour into South Audley Street from the jungles of India and the frozen arctic wastes. Wherever the country and whatever the game, there are Purdeys being fired around the world.

END



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You can see we've been very practical about the whole thing. And if you think anything like we do about Chevelle, you're practically driving one already. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

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Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE TOURNAMENTS

The NCAA filled its last at-large berth with Oklahoma City (14-9), then sat back to wait for conference champions. UCLA and San Francisco were almost sure winners in the Big Six and West Coast AC, while the Southern and Atlantic Coast champions will be decided in tournaments this weekend and next, but everywhere else the situation was uncertain. Princeton (Ivy), Connecticut (Yankee), Kentucky (Southeastern), Murray (Ohio Valley), Kansas State (Big Eight), Ohio U. (Mid-American), Texas A&M (Southwest) and Arizona State (Western AC) all led their conferences by slim margins; Michigan and Ohio State were tied for first in the Big Ten, as were Drake and Wichita in the Missouri Valley.

New York's NIT picked up St. Bonaventure (15-5) and Duquesne (14-5), still had seven places to fill in its 12-team field.

THE SOUTH

**THE TOP THREE: 1. KENTUCKY (30-3)
2. OLE (28-4) 3. DAVIDSON (20-2)**

A hassle was boiling up in the touchy South-eastern Conference. Georgia Tech's normally calm Whack Hyder, whose Jackies were tied with Kentucky for the SEC lead, blew up when he learned that Auburn had moved its game with Adolph Rupp's Wildcats out of its own Volkswagen-size gym into more spacious quarters at Montgomery where 9,000 fans could pay to watch, thereby giving up its traditional home court advantage. They didn't do it for us, complained Hyder. Retorted Auburn Athletic Director Jeff Beard, "We can draw a big crowd with Kentucky. We don't need a big gym when we play Georgia Tech."

KENTUCKY, as it turned out, did not need a big gym, either. The Wildcats, who earlier had knocked Vanderbilt out of the race, 104-73, ran shuffling Auburn ragged, 99-79, as Cotton Nash fired in 33 points for a new Kentucky one-season record (586). GEORGIA TECH, meanwhile, after edging Tennessee 47-45, got caught up in the dedication of GEORGIA'S new Coliseum. The usually docile Bulldogs, excited by the largest crowd (13,200) ever to watch a basketball game in Georgia, upset the Jackies 81-65.

As far as the NCAA tournament goes, the regular season play does not count in the Southern or Atlantic Coast conferences—admittedly a silly way to run a basketball season. Now DAVIDSON, which whipped the Citadel 86-78 to finish first in the Southern Conference, will have to do it all over again in the championship tournament beginning

Thursday in Charlotte to qualify for the NCAA playoffs. Worse luck, Davidson will have to reckon with a WEST VIRGINIA team that is on the rise. The Mountaineers edged Virginia Tech 79-77 for second place.

WAKE FOREST's annual late-blooming skills were showing in the ACC. The Deacons took on "unbeatable" Duke at Winston-Salem and shocked the Blue Devils 72-71. Wake Forest also beat Clemson 75-73, while DUKE recovered to whomp Maryland 84-63. All of this, of course, is merely a preliminary to the championship tournament in Raleigh March 5-7.

THE EAST

**THE TOP THREE: 1. VILLANOVA (16-8)
2. ST. BONAVENTURE (16-0) 3. NYU (15-4)**

Nowhere is a favorite held so lightly as in Philadelphia's rowdy Big Five. Last week Villanova, sadly, learned this truth again. ST. JOSEPH's went at the Wildcats

Hall 79-77 on Dennis Cuff's two foul shots.

PENN STATE, felling 10 feet tall after beating West Virginia, 86-76, for the first time in seven years, was brought up short by ARMY. The Cadets, playing deliberately, put down the Lions 46-37. PRINCETON, with silky-smooth Bill Bradley adding 62 points to his one-season school record (now 757 points), defeated Yale 81-72 and Brown 75-48 and took the Ivy League lead when the Elm turned on Penn 74-64. Another record breaker: BOSTON COLLEGE sophomore John Austin, who flipped in 49 points as the Eagles upset Georgetown 107-92.

THE MIDWEST

**THE TOP THREE: 1. MICHIGAN (26-3)
2. WICHITA (16-1) 3. IOWA (17-4)**

OHIO STATE, waiting patiently for someone to beat Michigan in the Big Ten, got help from a most unlikely source. MINNESOTA caught the muscular Wolverines flat and whipped them, 89-75. The Gophers got there later—from ILLINOIS 86-78—but Ohio State, even without the usual super show from Gary Bradds, downed Iowa 99-82 and Northwestern 72-61 to tie Michigan for first. The Wolverines will probably go to the NCAA tournament anyway. Under Big Ten rules, in the event of a tie the team more recently in the NCAA does not go again. Ohio State last won in 1962, Michigan in 1948.

Just when CINCINNATI rooters were about to give up on the Bearcats, the strangest thing happened. Ron Krick, a disappointing sophomore, came off the bench to score 20 points and Cincy upset Drake 61-55. It threw the surprised Bulldogs into a tie for first in the Missouri Valley with WICHITA, an easy 86-71 winner over St. Louis.

KANSAS STATE won its fifth straight squeaker, over Nebraska 50-48, and grabbed the Big Eight lead when Colorado got upset by IOWA STATE 60-58. Then old rival Kansas succumbed 70-66 to Willie Murrell's hot shooting and strong rebounding.

LOYOLA, getting ready to defend its championship, was running and scrambling as of last year. Bowling Green's Howie Komives, the nation's leading scorer, rattled in 40 points, but the Ramblers quieted the rest of the Falcons and won 92-83. They also bombed Marquette 59-81. Komives, in a head-to-head match with No. 2 scorer Manny Newsome of Western Michigan, outshot his rival 49-27 in a 101-81 rout.

THE SOUTHWEST

**THE TOP THREE: 1. TEXAS WESTERN (21-2)
2. TEXAS TECH (16-2) 3. TEXAS A&M (14-6)**

OKLAHOMA CITY, which has been playing poorly (it lost to CREIGHTON 94-77), suddenly hit North Texas State with everything but Coach Abe Lamont's folksy drawl. Bud Koper shot in 50 points as the Chiefs romped 125-88. "We just decided to get more points," explained Lemons, "and Koper kept shooting it a mile."

Trying to stop TEXAS WESTERN'S 4-foot-8

continued

RECORD BREAKERS



BILL BRADLEY
PRINCETON

COTTON NASH
KENTUCKY



with a penetrating attack and a man-to-man to inhibit their shooting. It worked just fine. Steve Courtin, a ball-stealing little whirling dervish, pestered Villanova with 23 points, 5-foot-10 sophomore Billy Oakes held Wally Jones to 10 points, and St. Joe's won 69-63.

ST. BONAVENTURE, beaten by DE PAUL 81-76 in Chicago, did better against Providence in Buffalo. After scrambling from 15 points behind to force a tie, the Bonnies just gave the ball to hustling Fred Crawford in overtime. He eluded the Friars for 10 points to break their 13-game winning streak 79-75.

NYU, FITT and DUQUESNE warmed up for the NIT with victories. NYU's free-lancers, led by Happy Hairston and Barry Kramer, trounced Memphis State 95-71 and St. Francis 70-54; Pitt outscored Temple 78-67 and Westminster 92-73; Duquesne clobbered Toledo 98-66 and then overcame Seton



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BASKETBALL'S WEEK *continued*

Jim (Bad News) Barnes is not a rewarding task. New Mexico State tried to keep the ball away from him and he scored 35 points as the Miners won 59-42. Five nights later Barnes and Pan-American's celebrated 6-foot-9 Lucious Jackson played each other so closely that they collided and hit the floor together midway in the second half. But Barnes still scored 34 points, and Western won again, 68-57. HOUSTON, pressing hard for an NIT invitation, clobbered Texas Wesleyan 105-77.

The Southwest Conference was down to a two-team race—TEXAS A&M and TEXAS TECH—but neither was scoring anyone. First-place A&M was forced to swallow its pride and go to a late stall to make it past seventh-place Baylor 77-71. Arkansas, too, extended the Aggies before losing 60-57. Tech, only a game behind, fought off last-place TCU 101-94 and SMU 94-83.

THE WEST

THE TOP THREE—1. UCLA (20-0)
2. OREGON STATE (22-0) 3. SEATTLE (19-4)

Stanford, rolling along smartly ahead of unbeset UCLA, suddenly found itself fighting for survival. The quick Bruins squeaked their full-court zone press tight and, led by Walt Hazzard and Carl Goodrich, lit into the rattled Indians for 20 points in 2½ minutes. They won going away, 100-88. But there was a message for future UCLA opponents: Stanford's 6-foot-8 Tom Dose shot over 6-foot-5 Fred Slaughter for 38 points.

OREGON STATE, given the best chance to beat UCLA at Kansas City, had an easy week. With Frank Peters bombing away from outside for 26 points, the Heavers broke Idaho's bothersome zone to win 72-46. The next night Oregon State experimented with a full-court press, and it strangled the Vandals 112-62. SEATTLE, State's opponent in the NCAA Western Regionals, hammered Gonzaga 108-88, barely escaped Idaho State 83-82 and won the big one against Utah State 96-94 in Logan. SAN FRANCISCO, another team with UCLA on its mind, led the West Coast AC by three full games after thrashing Pacific 80-59 and St. Mary's 57-49.

New Mexico, disheartened by the news that four transfers, including big Ira Harge, would be ineligible for the NCAA tournament if it won the Western AC title, lost to ARIZONA STATE 47-45 and ARIZONA 54-46. ARIZONA STATE, despite 48 points by Wyoming's Flynn Robinson, also beat the Cowboys, 89-80, to take the WAC lead.

Utah was leading BRIGHTMAN YOUNG by a point when Coach Jack Gardner called time out to warn his team, "Don't foul anybody, but if you do, don't foul Mike Gardner." So the Utes promptly fouled BYU's Gardner three times, he put in six free throws, and the Cougars won 75-72. Mike-guzzling Coach Gardner was so upset he broke his Jug of cow juice.

END

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

OVER THE BRIDGE

Sirs:

Quite recently I wrote complaining about your bridge coverage or lack of same. Now, after receiving your February 17 edition, I am happily mollified. Congratulations! Charles Goren's first article was excellent, and I see there will be more of the same.

I have only one quarrel. "Bridge is for fun!" Never!

WILLIAM J. HORMESMAN
Captain, USAF

Rantoul, Ill.

Sirs:

I would like to say that Goren's system is an excellent bidding system and probably the best for the beginner and casual player to learn and use. It is undoubtedly the most widely known bidding system in the world, and it makes more sense than artificial systems. However, when bidding precision is the goal, the more accurate and complex artificial bidding systems must be substituted for the system employing natural bids. The vast majority of bridge experts will readily agree. Indeed, several American experts have just recently prepared new artificial systems in response to the high bidding precision obtained by the successful international champions—the Italians—in using their artificial systems. But Goren has little to worry about; the casual players will always like natural systems—artificial systems are just too hard to learn!

DOV R. LAIRD

Austin, Texas

Sirs:

The word Sports implies a great variety of physical competitions between two or more athletes or teams. By no stretch of the imagination does bridge qualify as such. With continued publishing of Goren's unathletic subtleties of bidding, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* may yet become the handbook for the ladies' afternoon bridge club.

MARIE MASON

Dallas

WINTER'S TALE

Sirs:

Congratulations on your fine coverage of the Winter Olympics. I watched the events on television using SI as a guide. Your predictions in the events were excellent. As much as I love football and baseball, the Olympics always rate No. 1 in my book, and SI rates tops for its coverage. Keep up the good work. I am anxiously awaiting the arrival of the summer events in Tokyo.

LARRY McDONOUGH

North Bergen, N. J.

Sirs:

I appreciated most of your coverage of the Games, but Huston Horn's article on Scotty Allen and Terry McDermott (SI, Feb. 17) was an exception. In a year of relative Olympic failure these two young men were outstanding successes and should not be treated in a patronizing manner. Granted that the reader wants human interest, Mr. Horn might have done better to consider age and background in his story. If he had, he might have proved kinder.

HAROLD F. MOORE JR.

Cincinnati

Sirs:

I have tremendous admiration for anyone who has the stamina, perseverance and discipline to become at the age of 14 a true champion, a credit to himself and his country, like Scotty Allen.

MRS. JOHN M. POWERS

Villanova, Pa.

Sirs:

Your comments on Dutch figure skater Spouke Dijkstra were a little bit off the track as Miss Dijkstra is considered by many to be a great champion. May I remind you that Miss Dijkstra was the only one of the figure skaters who was favored to win and who did so.

KATHY SAGGE

San Diego, Calif.

Sirs:

How come there was nothing said about Joan Hannah's 15th in the women's downhill? True, this is not an excellent showing, but she has been training since before the 1960 Olympics and has now done fairly well in the midst of pretty fantastic competition.

LAWRENCE KEMP

Francisco, N. H.

JUDGEMENTS

Sirs:

Many people have been disappointed with the performance of the U.S. figure skating team in the 1964 Olympics. This is not just the result of the disastrous airplane crash in 1961. It is partly a result of a poor selection of officials by the U.S. Figure Skating Association.

The U.S. pair skaters Vivian and Ronald Joseph placed fourth, 1/2 of a point behind third place and a bronze medal. The American judge marked them lower than many of the other judges, including the Russian judge. In the men's event another American judge placed Tommy Litz sixth in the free skating. No other judge except the Russian placed him lower than fourth.

It is well known that other judges give an advantage to their own countries' skaters, which is unfair, but isn't it worse to penalize our own skaters?

DAVID FREIMAN

Philadelphia

Sirs:

Will somebody please tell me what is wrong with the Olympic figure skating judges? In the men's competition, the German gold medal winner, in my opinion, deserved first place. But what really makes my hair stand on end is the ridiculous marks given the French entrant. He made at least six mistakes in his free skating and even fell on his rear end once. But he got higher marks than the United States entrant who skated an almost flawless program. I am sure there must be a lot of other people who saw this on television and agree with me.

A. GREENBERG

Springfield, Ohio

MEMORY

Sirs:

While going through some old clippings, papers, etc., recently, I came across pages 7 and 8 torn from the Feb. 28, 1955 issue of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. The reason for keeping the clipping was the Memo from the Publisher concerning the skiing accident on Jan. 30, 1955 to Jill Kuntz. In the memo an appeal was made for funds for her long hospitalization, etc. My husband and I made a small contribution at the time. Jill was almost assured of a place on the U.S. Winter Olympic team that year and since all sportsmen and women are thinking of Winter Olympics at this time I would like to know where she is, how she is, what she is doing, etc. Am sure there are a number of others among your readers who would appreciate this information.

CAROLYN J. MCCREATH

Greensboro, N. C.

● Jill, now 27, lives with her family in Renton, Washington. Though still paralyzed, she completed an A. B. in German at UCLA in 1963 and is working toward a teaching certificate at the University of Washington. She specializes in the field of remedial education and will begin graduate practice teaching in April.—ED

GOLD CASH

Sirs:

After reading *The Soling of the Louisville Lip* (SI, Feb. 17) I can only say "3 cheers for Tex Mauls!" It's about time someone gave Cassius Clay the credit he deserves. As

(continued)

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18TH HOLE *continued*

for Liston, if an ill-tempered burn "beat-
ing the brains out" of someone with a lit-
tle intelligence and imagination is what he
calls progress, I think he has been mis-
informed.

BILL SPENCE

Los Gatos, Calif.

Sirs:

Even though he fancies himself a great
poet, Cassius Clay could obviously never
have written that fine article himself (Mf.
\$1,000,000 *Genius*, Feb. 24), but no matter.
Whoever wrote it for him did a superb job
of revealing what this seemingly egotistic
and foolish but actually extraordinarily cle-
ver young man is up to. He deserves his mil-
lion and I only hope he hangs on to it, re-
gardless of what Liston may do to his hand-
some features.

ROBERT SIMPSON

New York City

OVER THE TOP

Sirs:

While serving as president of the Uni-
versity of Kentucky for seven years, it was
my privilege to work closely with Adolph
Rupp. The article in the February 17 issue of
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has caught more ac-
curately the man, Coach Rupp, than any other
story which I can recall.

He is not only a great coach but also a
superb teacher. Congratulations on a top-
notch article.

FRANK G. DICKIN

Arlanta

Sirs:

We feel that SI has also neglected to men-
tion the fact that Vic Bubba has coached
Duke to his 100th victory. This may not
sound as impressive as the 700 victories of
Adolph Rupp; however, this mark has been
achieved in a brief five-year span, during
which time the Blue Devils have ranked in
the top 10, nationally, in four out of those
five years.

CONRAD COHEN

JOHN GROVY

Durham, N.C.

Sirs:

You are failing to recognize a situation
and a school which will someday turn the
Southwest Conference into its big power in
basketball as it is now in football—Texas
Tech. Tech, a team which for some reason SI
has failed to rate even in the Southwest this
year, has in the last three years won two
conference championships, consistently de-
feated teams ranked higher in the Southwest
by SI and played games against many of the
best teams in the nation which would do
credit to anyone.

JOHN P. CARLY

Lubbock, Texas

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